

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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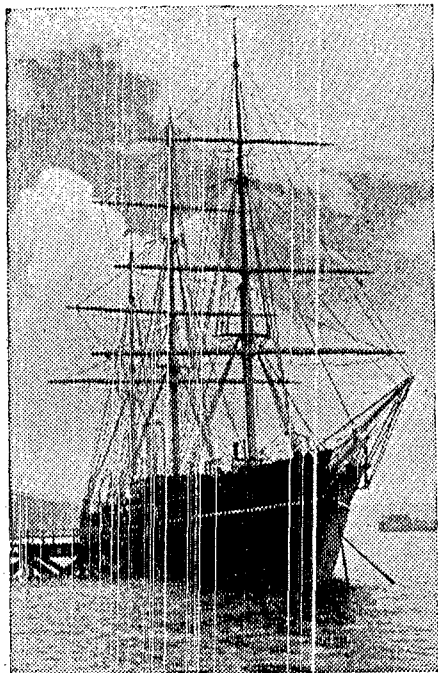
Every Thursday 2d

THE COURAGE OF THE LITTLE MAIDS

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SCOTT'S FIRST SHIP

THE DISCOVERY RENEWS ITS MIGHTY YOUTH



NEWLY painted, brasses twinkling, flags a-flutter to the crow's-nest on her mainmast, Scott's first ship, *Discovery*, lies on the Thames by Temple Pier, awaiting the beginning of her second life as the ship of the Boy Scouts.

If you had seen her a fortnight ago, with the workmen hammering and painting to make her ready, you might have had a better idea of what she looked like when, after battling with the ice and gales of the Antarctic, Captain Scott brought her home. No doubt her commander kept her ship-shape and Bristol fashion, but she had endured months of hard wear and severe trial, once caught fast in the ice, and breaking loose only at the last moment. She could not have looked as she does today, clean as a new pin, as her new messmates the Sea Scouts will keep her.

Clean or grimy, the spirit of the gallant explorers who sailed in her on the Antarctic expedition of 1901 can never vanish from her stalwart timbers. We can almost see their faces meeting us as we peer down the hatchways, or vanishing from the foc'sle or the chart-room. Aloft there in the crow's-nest the seaman on watch first sighted the Great Ice Barrier or sang out the joyful news that over the ice-field he saw Captain Scott with the dogs and the sledges returning from their first sledging expedition.

We who write these lines once met Captain Scott after he had returned from his first voyage to the Antarctic, and had humorously described some of the miseries of a sledging trek—the

clothes soaked with snow, freezing while they stood, and thawing when they tried to sleep at night; the collective shiver that ran through them as they tried to get warm enough to sleep. "Would you go again?" we asked. "There's nothing else I care for," replied Captain Scott. He went South once again, and never came back.

Yet it is not that tragic tale which hangs about this ship, but rather the high hopes with which she sailed at the beginning. She was a young ship then, and the explorers were young too, Scott not much over thirty, and Ernest Shackleton and Dr Wilson about his age or younger. Full of hope and the enthusiasm of youth they were, and like that we see them now in our imagining about the decks and below.

Cabin With Proud Memories

Here is Captain Scott's day cabin, with the desk at which he wrote his log, and the bunk where he snatched an hour's sleep between watches when danger threatened.

Here is the wardroom where they met in cheerful companionship and had their Christmas dinner; and there the cook's galley where it was cooked. By the side of the wardroom is Scott's night cabin; and on its door his shield.

The bridge where the officer of the day stood, the table of the navigating officer, the foc'sle, and the engine-room are all as Scott and his companions knew them; and as other good men and true knew them also when, in a later year, she sailed on a less perilous voyage to the far South.

Youth Her Portion Now

In the chart-room, which is to be kept as a museum, are pictures and portraits of the men of the *Discovery*, and of those who sailed with Scott on the later voyage in the *Terra Nova*, and some of whom, like him, left their bones in the Antarctic waste.

Here are the memorials of the unreturning brave, Scott and Oates and the rest; and by their pictures are photographs of the last leaves of Scott's diary, with its tributes to them, and to the very gallant gentleman who walked to his unknown grave in the snow.

Yet it need not be that tragedy which stays most with the ship, and in the minds of those who step aboard her on the threshold of her new life; but rather the thought of the youth which was once her portion, and now becomes hers again.

The Doctor, the Rector, and the Little Yorkshire Boy

This is a story we told eleven years ago, and it should now be told again.

SOME years ago, in a very poor home in Barnsley, there was a lad who was very ill, and continually in pain. The case was so bad that the doctor went every morning early, about half-past seven, to see him.

One morning the doctor, out on this errand, met the rector going to the station. The two walked together a little way, and the doctor happened to mention the case he was going to see.

The next morning, about seven o'clock, there was a knock at the door of the little house where the sick boy lived. The mother opened it and saw an unknown gentleman in black clothes, who asked to see the patient, as if he were another doctor. He went upstairs and sat down, and talked to the boy about all manner of interesting things that were going on in the world.

"I'll draw you one thing I saw," he said, and, taking a card from his pocket, he hastily sketched a picture of two dogs fighting. The sick boy watched the picture grow. "But who are you?" he asked in amazement. *I am your neighbour*, was the smiling reply. The next minute the strange visitor was gone, and when the doctor arrived the boy showed him the card in great delight.

Every morning the doctor found that this mysterious visitor had called before he arrived and cheered the sick boy with his talk and his pencil. The patient had always another picture to show him—a man on a runaway bicycle, two people talking, simple drawings of some amusing incident.

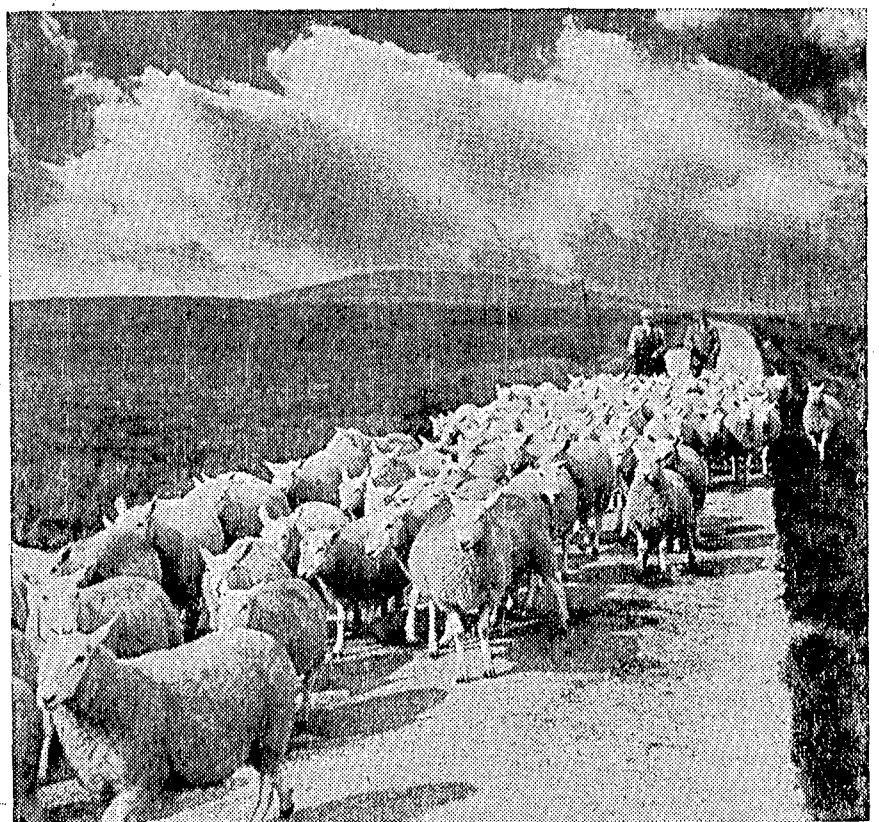
The mother began to pin them up on the bedroom wall, the jolliest picture gallery imaginable. When the dark hours of the night tortured the sleepless, suffering lad he looked forward to the morning, when his beloved visitor would call. The rector never failed him.

The doctor, of course, found out, but he kept the rector's secret. These two men fought the demon of pain in that poverty-stricken home until the poor boy passed on to the dawn of an eternal day. We do not know the doctor's name, but we do know the rector's.

It was Foxley Norris, and he passed away last week in the Deanery of Westminster after serving the Abbey long and well. The last great service he took part in there was at the crowning of the King.

He was a good neighbour and a good citizen and a good Churchman, and our national shrine will not be quite the same without him.

To Fresh Fields and Pastures New



A flock of sheep on the road between Lairg and Tongue in Sutherland

HIGH ENDEAVOUR

The Ship That Came Home

When Endeavour I, after sailing the Atlantic alone for a fortnight, sighted last week a ship near enough to signal, she simply ran up her flags to say:

Endeavour; report me to owner through Lloyd's.

That was all, and when her skipper (Captain Heard) learnt by semaphore at closer range of the grave concern about the safety of his yacht he replied as simply:

Thanks. Please report me. All well. Have you seen Viva?

There in as few words as possible speaks the spirit of the men who cross the seas in sailing ships. Nothing to tell of any notion that something splendid in the way of courage and endurance had lighted on the Endeavour. Nothing to show that there had been any call for either, except her skipper's query whether the Viva had been seen. (Viva was the mother ship from which a hurricane had cut Endeavour loose twelve days before.)

What of the Viva?

Captain Heard's anxiety to know how the Viva had fared was also the way of the sea. His ship was safe and sound. Why should she not be? She was a good ship; she was manned by a good crew; she had a good skipper (though that was not for him to say). The Atlantic at its angriest would not disable Endeavour, but it might be otherwise with an escort ship that had only her engines to help her to ride the storm. So, what of the Viva?

Half the world had been on tenter-hooks when for so long the ocean had no true tidings of Endeavour to tell. When at last it was learned that she was safe, they rang at Lloyd's the Lutine bell, which sounds only for great disasters or great good news of the ships of the sea. The newspapers spread the good news in headlines, but how it would have surprised Captain Heard and his men if they had known.

When at last they reached their home port, with speed-boats going out to meet them, sirens blowing, and camera men and reporters eagerly waiting among the packed crowds at the harbour mouth, their surprise would have been no less. What could all these people have come out to see? Just a yacht under jury-rig which had shown that she could sail 3000 miles as well under the blackest of stormy weather as under the bluest of summer skies.

The Ships That Sail the Seas

All over the world these sailing ships carry on, unheeded of the superior powers of steam and oil, of turbine and of dynamo; and it seems to us that they will never quite vanish from the waves. Behind them are thousands of years of tradition, a thousand feats of skill, a thousand tales of endeavour to rank with Endeavour's own name.

But what is finest about this last Endeavour story is that she was sailing on no triumphant progress, but unconcernedly was doing her job, which was to cross the Atlantic as a good ship ought to do. Yet, when all is said, let us not withhold our admiration for what they did, or feel that we ought not to have been so moved by a tale of danger met and overcome.

Once a Cornish fisherman told us how his fishing smack, having been given up for lost, came at last safely home to Newlyn. All the way from Land's End, past Porthcurnow and Lamorna, the crew saw throngs of people waiting on the rocks to see them pass. They wondered and wondered, and at last they understood. And then, the old fisherman concluded, though he could not tell why, he felt the tears running down his own cheeks.

So perhaps Captain Heard, when he dropped anchor in harbour, also understood how England felt about him.

THE GREAT COURAGE OF THE LITTLE MAIDS

Chinese Servants Save Japanese Babies

BARBARISM IN POWER IN JAPAN

ONE poignant item of news has been sent to us from China, where the rain of death has fallen on men, women, and children in great cities.

The bombing of these cities by Japan has stirred the entire civilised world with horror and indignation, and the story sent to us by a Baptist missionary in North China is sad enough to move the sternest heart. It is recorded in a Japanese newspaper, which declares that Chinese servants of Japanese residents of Tungchow seem to have displayed "the usual heroism of that astonishing race." Those are the actual words of the Japanese paper, which goes on to report that at least half a dozen Japanese children owe their lives to their faithful Chinese nurses, who braved swords and bullets in carrying their little charges to safety.

There are other instances of Chinese neighbours giving shelter to adult Japanese, and the risks they ran (says the Japan chronicle) must have been considerable.

At Geneva last week the League of Nations registered the opinion of the civilised world on this barbarism of Japan. Dr Wellington Koo, announcing that the number of Japanese troops in China was now 350,000, asked the League to take note of this pitiful event.

If the League cannot defend Right in the face of Might, it can at least (Dr Koo declared) point out the wrongdoer to the world. If it cannot stop aggression, it can at least denounce it. If it cannot enforce international law and the principles of the Covenant, it can at least make it known that it has not abandoned them. If it cannot prevent the ruthless killing of innocent men, women, and children, it can at least make clear where its own sentiments are, so as to reinforce the universal desire of the civilised world for its immediate abandonment.

Lord Cranborne, the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said that

OUR FIRST NATIONAL PARK IS COMING

Another Gift in the Manifold Valley

Acre by acre England's National Park is growing; every year it becomes a reality in Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

Nothing could be better than that the beautiful country about Dovedale and its tributary valleys should lead the way with our National Parks, and now comes news that still more of this land is passing under the care of the National Trust.

The latest addition is 90 acres in the valleys of the Manifold and its little feeder with the curious name of Hamps, which join their waters almost under the brow of the tall Beeston Crags, famous for their caverns and rock shelters.

This new gift of land in the Manifold Valley, and of fields on Beeston Tor Farm, has been made possible by the generosity of Sir Robert McDougall.

It was Sir Robert who gave Ilam Hall, the Youth Hostel, to the nation. Between this hostel and the new property lie Throwley Old Hall, beloved of Charles Cotton, and the lovely woods of Old Park Hill, while along the bottom of the vale runs that transformed railway track which was opened for the use of walkers a few weeks ago.

The whole of this region is a little paradise, and the day is not far off, we believe, when the whole of it will be secure in the hands of the National Trust as our first National Park.

words could not express the feeling of profound horror with which the news of these raids had been received by the whole world. The main object seemed to be to inspire terror by the indiscriminate slaughter of civilians. This extension of air bombing represented a menace not only to the unhappy people who are suffering from it today, but to all the world. If it is to continue it may be asked whether civilisation itself can survive. The British Government, Lord Cranborne added, wished to place on record their profound horror at the bombing of open towns, and to say that the effect on world opinion was a factor which those responsible would do well to take into account.

This resolution was then passed:

The Advisory Committee, taking into consideration the question of aerial bombardment of open towns in China by Japanese aircraft, expresses its profound distress at the loss of life caused to innocent civilians, including great numbers of women and children, as a result of such bombardments; solemnly condemns such acts, and declares that they have aroused horror and indignation throughout the world.

It is a quarter of a century since Italy dropped the first bomb from the air, and the writer of these lines wrote what he believes to be the first printed appeal to the nations to keep the air free from war. In these 25 years the marvellous progress of flying has brought with it the menace of death in the skies, and the C N appeals to the Government to seize this opportunity of calling together all civilised Governments to consider the abolition of aerial warfare.

We believe there is no single question before the world upon which it is more important to secure agreement, and we believe that agreement is possible. If it is secured it will lift up the hearts of men, and remove from the world the spectre of the shadow of death creeping through the skies.

THE HAPPY BANDS

A Nation of Music Lovers Still

It is a little late, but congratulations to the band of Foden's Motor Works, of Sandbach in Cheshire, on winning the Championship at the National Band Festival for the seventh time!

Their success was a record in the annals of this annual contest which draws to London all the best bands in the country every year. Over 5000 musicians came this year, with ten times that number of enthusiastic supporters.

The band of the factory, colliery, and workshop, of the guild and the temperance society, has today taken the place of the little groups of musicians who used to accompany the singing in our village churches, keeping alive the joyous spirit which the performance of music bestows on both player and hearer.

These bands and their competitions are proving a real stimulus to modern composers, many a famous work having been written for them.

One of the most encouraging features of the recent festival was the number of very young boys who took part and acquitted themselves well under unlooked-for difficulties.

Is It Peace?

To the world which anxiously asks what the result of the Berlin meeting will be, war or peace, we can both of us, the Fuehrer and I, answer with a loud voice, Peace.

No people longs for peace more than the German.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

A ship built to carry pilgrims to Mecca was launched in Glasgow with a coconut instead of a bottle of champagne.

Five days after the new children's library in New Cross had been opened every book of fairy tales had been taken out.

Thinking it was the Evil Eye, Senegalese natives in the Colonial section of the Paris Exhibition snatched a camera from a visitor who was trying to photograph them.

The home of a lap-dog 200 years ago is shown at the Antique Dealers Fair at Grosvenor House; it is a little walnut kennel, measuring only 18 inches by 15, with 12 glazed windows and a front door.

The flying-boat Cambria, making her last Atlantic test flight of the season, crossed from Botwood in Newfoundland to Foynes in Ireland in the record time of ten hours 33 minutes.

The old postmistress at Stonehouse, near Plymouth, has been keeping her hundredth birthday, and one of her callers was the boy who used to carry telegrams for her; he is now 70.

The 600th anniversary of the birth of the famous French chronicler Froissart has been celebrated in his native city of Valenciennes by 600 performers in 14th-century costumes.

Mother Calling

This happened not very long ago in the Yorkshire town of Holmfirth.

A cow escaped from the farmyard last week, and walked nearly half a mile to a cattle market, on both Wednesday and Thursday mornings, in search of its calf, which had been sold there on the Tuesday.

People in the vicinity of the market early on Wednesday heard the cow lowing as if its heart would break, and saw the animal standing at the gates of the cattle market. The beast was captured by the police, and fastened in the yard until its owner fetched it away. Even when it was in the yard it struggled hard to get into the market. About seven o'clock on the Thursday morning people were astonished to see the animal once again on its way to the market. It evaded a policeman and pedestrians who tried to stop it, and again took up its stand at the market entrance, lowing as plaintively as before, but eventually it was taken back to the farm.

THINGS SEEN

Two Maoris greeting each other by touching noses in the Strand.

Two potted roses on the roof of a poor London house propped against a chimney to keep them warm.

Five primroses blooming in a Woodford Green garden.

A swan flying low on the Cheltenham-Tewkesbury road, forcing cars to pull up.

Two brakes, one drawn by two horses and one by four, in a country lane.

A clergyman litter lout throwing his cigarette carton into the street at Helston, Cornwall.

THINGS SAID

A general understanding is our most ardent wish.

Hitler

The greatest and most genuine democracies in the world are the German and Italian.

Mussolini

There is no dictatorship in Italy.

Mussolini

The Royal Academy has let down Art in a shameful way in the last 15 years.

Sir Charles Allom

During the motor era not half of one per cent has been added to the mileage of roads extant in England in the reign of Queen Victoria. Colonel M. O'Gorman

October 9, 1937

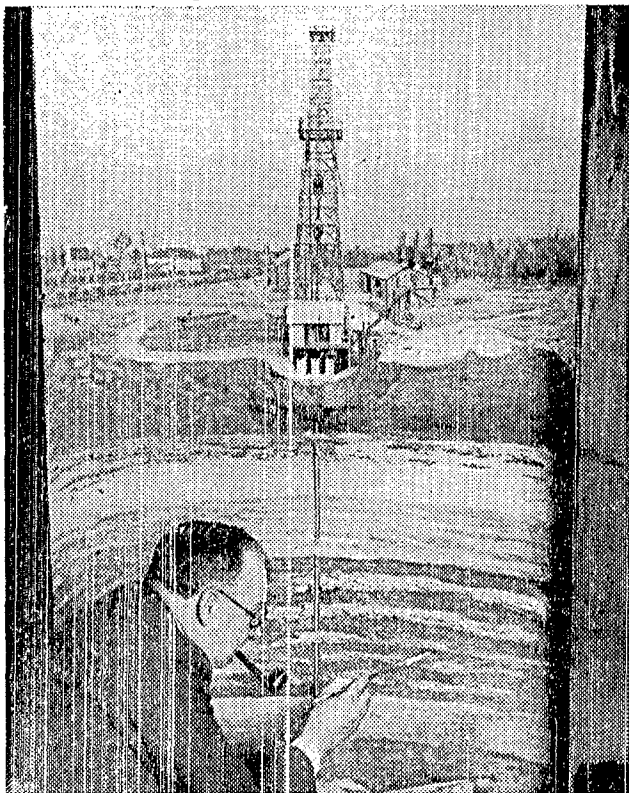
The Children's Newspaper

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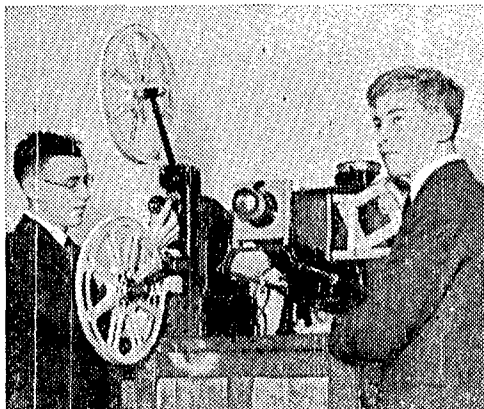
Leaping Blackbuck • Wonderful Noah's Ark • School Kinema



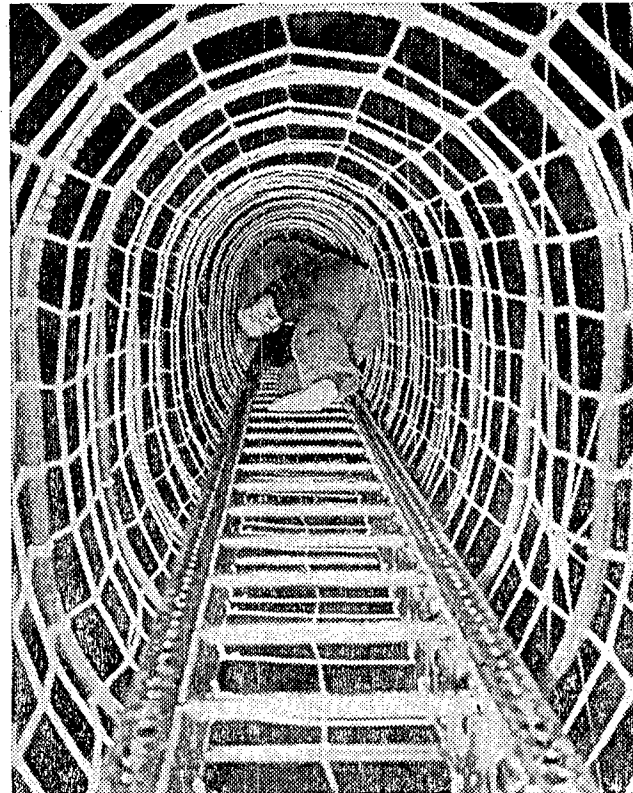
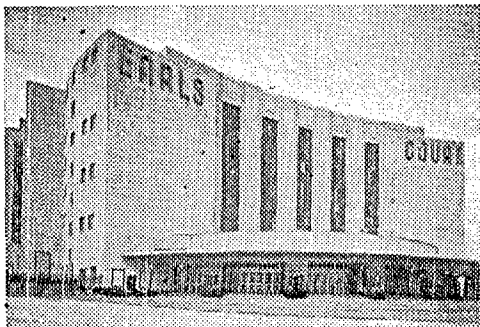
The Animals Walked in Two by Two—This Noah's Ark, complete with two hundred pairs of animals, is very popular with boys and girls who visit the new library buildings at Wallington in Surrey. Presented to the library by four local children, the ark and animals were made in 1810, and they still retain their bright colours



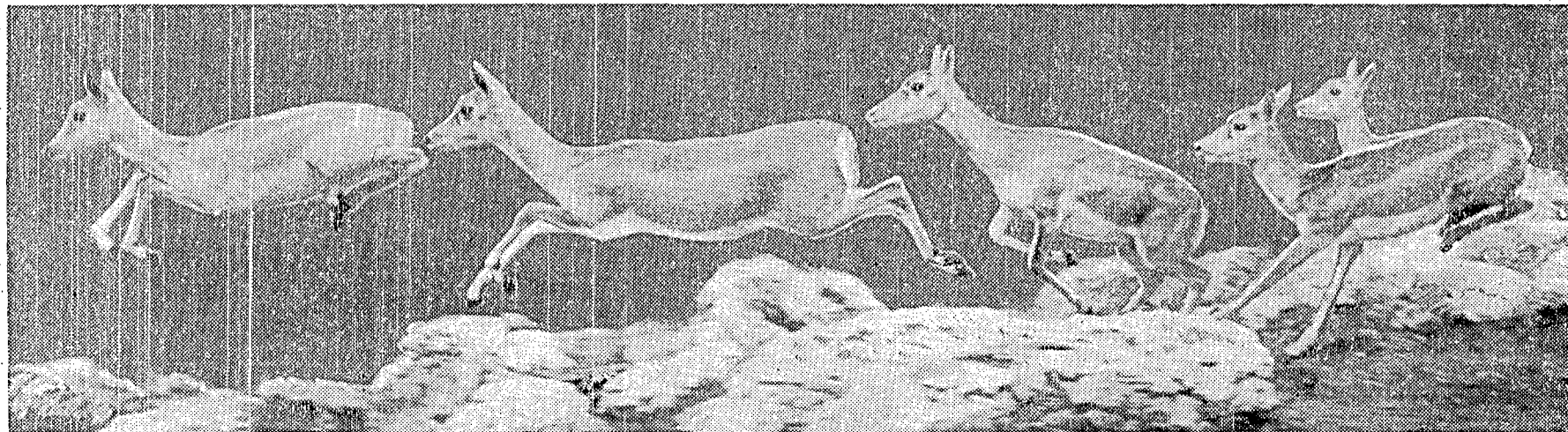
Boring For Oil—Mr Montague Black painting a Sussex oil-bore for a diorama to be exhibited at the Motor Show, which starts next week at the new Earl's Court, seen on the right



Kinema Lessons—Boys of Brentwood School in Essex with the kinema apparatus now being used for lessons



Like a Spider's Web—Looking up at a mechanic in a vertical shaft of Germany's new Zeppelin



Like a Moving Picture—This remarkable picture taken at the London Zoo shows, with almost cinematographic effect, Indian blackbuck running across their enclosure

BRANDING THE THIEF

Rumania to Mark Him With Paint?

A PUNISHMENT OF LONG AGO

Pocket-picking has so greatly increased in Rumania that the Bucharest Chief of Police has asked the Prime Minister to introduce a law under which, after a second offence, any person found guilty may be marked on the hands and ears with a red paint which cannot be washed off.

This is a more merciful variant of one of the oldest punishments, extending from our earliest days down to last century. It was the custom to brand offenders with a red-hot iron. We adopted the practice from Greece and Rome, where the hot iron scarred the face or hands of the criminal, the runaway slave, or the person condemned to fight in the arena.

Constantine caused the branding to be restricted to the limbs, declaring that the face was created in the likeness of God; but our own rulers were less merciful. Under our boy king Edward the Sixth a servant who ran away after having been bought and sold was branded with an S on cheek and forehead, while brawling in church was punished with an F for fraymaker burnt into the cheek.

Ben Jonson's Thumb

Rogues and vagabonds were liable to branding. Actors who were not members of a company patronised by the Court or some favoured nobleman were subject to this law, and Shakespeare, had he not been a member of such an authorised company of players, might have borne the stain of branding on his brow. His friend Ben Jonson was actually branded on the thumb as a felon, but it is believed that the branding was done by a friendly warder who did not heat the branding iron.

Branding in England was not finally abolished until 1829. Another fifty years elapsed before a similar punishment for desertion from the Army was declared illegal. In that case the needle of the tattooer was substituted for the red-hot iron, and many a man who had fought in great wars, and had then tired and run away from the Army, went to his grave bearing the indelible letters, D for deserter, or B C for bad character, pricked into his skin with needle and Indian ink.

BRIDGE BUILDERS FOR THE WORLD

Two Great New Ones

Our British bridge builders still appear to be unrivalled.

A bridge built in Denmark by British engineers has lately been opened, and now the same firm is to erect a bridge across the Zambesi.

The completed bridge crosses the Storstrom Strait at a point where it is two miles wide, linking the island of Zealand with the island of Falster. Begun in 1933, it carries a railway track, a motor road, and a footpath. It is to save 50 minutes on the railway journey from Copenhagen to Berlin.

The Chirundu bridge across the Zambesi, which Messrs Dorman Long are also to build, is to link Northern and Southern Rhodesia. The skyway, 50 feet above the flood-level of the river, will be 18 feet wide and have two footpaths three feet wide. The steel will be made at Middlesbrough, the cradle of the huge Sydney Harbour Bridge, and the bridge (of the suspension type) will be supported by cables from towers 120 feet high. The single span will be 1050 feet.

SEASIDE PROBLEMS LEFT BEHIND

The Ocean and its Teeming Weeds

BACK at school again, boys and girls have left their seaside problems to the resident officials.

There is the race against time to build out the sea which threatens the safety, even the very existence, of a bungalow suburb of Bognor. But for stout and hastily raised defences there the sea might wash away dwellings and stock and drown a great area of pasture.

Then there is the more amusing problem of the guardians of Hastings, Worthing, and Bognor concerning that commonest of objects along great parts of our coast, seaweed.

Seaweed is a marine growth of many virtues, but these must be surrendered in the right place or the growth may become a nuisance. For perhaps a century that precious element iodine, with its manifold benefits for external and internal medicine, was derived entirely from the ashes left after seaweed had been burned, and, although iodine is now derived from minerals, many a penny is still turned by the collection and burning of the weed.

Now, although the sea teems with it, seaweed is somewhat capricious in coming to land. Hastings, where it is used for medicinal baths, is often left

weedless; Worthing and Bognor, where it is unwanted, see their beaches buried from time to time by the uncoveted weed. Thousands of tons of seaweed have lately been washed ashore at Bognor alone.

So there are three seaweed problems for three towns by the sea. Hastings has to buy its supplies elsewhere; Worthing and Bognor appoint committees to see that the seaweed is removed before it can decompose and create an offensive odour. The substance these two towns despise would be worth a good price if it could be transferred to agricultural land, where its fertilising virtues are not the least of seaweed's good gifts to the fields from the ocean.

We hear the story of a Scottish farmer who, hearing that seaweed is food for the fields, employed men to collect jellyfish for his land, thinking them good too. It chanced, however, that he attended a lecture on such forms of sea-life, and heard to his great astonishment that jellyfish are nearly all sea-water. Much to his disgust he was informed that from every ton weight of jellyfish scattered on his fields there would remain, after evaporation, only four pounds of solid matter.

THE GORILLAS GROWING UP AT THE ZOO

AFRICAN travellers who have seen gorillas in the wilds have said it would be impossible to capture an adult animal as their strength and ferocity are too terrible for man to master. That holds good up to the present hour.

Samuel Mansbridge, the famous keeper of the great apes at the Zoo—used to tell us that it would be impossible to keep an adult gorilla there. Basing his judgment on experience with adult orangs—fearful in their might but pygmies compared with gorillas—he said, "Adult gorillas would be too powerful for us; we could not keep them in—they would break everything."

He did not live to see his prophecy put to the test, but his successor is on the way to doing so.

The two gorillas there, now famous throughout the world, having survived illness and grown into magnificent, healthy creatures, are advancing toward maturity. Mok, the male, now five feet high, weighs over 21 stones and is a colossus of strength, with Moina, his female companion, an excellent second.

Both are doing their best to live up to Mansbridge's prediction. Their sport takes the form of innocent home-wrecking. It seems a little ungallant to say so, but Moina appears to suggest the mischief which Mok's idle hands delight to perform. In any case, were they jointly charged, she would have to answer not only as an accessory before the fact but as an active partner in the work.

Together they have demolished the weighing-machine by the aid of which Science was kept informed of their physical development. They have destroyed so many swings of stout rope that chains have had to be substituted. They wrench from the hinges sleeping-room doors that would defy the strongest of men; they ripped up their iron ventilator-grids and pulled up a concrete slab. Mok has distinguished himself further by pulling down two radiators, twisting the metal as if it had been wire.

The two are like gigantic babies delighting in acts of playful destruction. They do not know their own strength.

WHEN NON-SWIMMERS WILL SWIM

TO the old question Can a duck swim? we all know the answer.

Were the same inquiry extended to fowls we should probably answer No, but in doing so we should be wrong, it seems, for a writer tells of the startling discovery that some fowls swim well.

Near Bath is a canal whose lock-keeper is also a poultry-keeper. From time to time his birds wander from home by way of the lock gates to a wood across the canal. When called to food at home the boldest of the birds plunge into the water and swim. One of them, pursued by a fox the other day, leapt high into the air, made a vertical dive into the canal, and swam gaily home to its fellows on the farther bank.

Observers are constantly making additions to the list of creatures which, supposed to be incapable of swimming, prove really expert in the water. It has been said that the only creatures apart from birds that cannot swim naturally are men and monkeys. That is true of men, but hardly of monkeys.

Of two monkeys that were being brought home from India some years

ago one fell into the sea, and its companion sought to rescue it by holding out one of its hands. This failed, but the one in the water swam strongly until rescued by a boat put off from the ship.

Another monkey, escaping from its home near the Thames, enjoyed several days of liberty, and then, seeing a great assembly of people on Windsor race-course, swam the river, sedately made its way to the grandstand, and joined them, none the worse for its immersion.

In the East they say that there really is one animal that cannot swim—the camel, a desert creature which has never had a chance to learn the art; but that is wrong. Instinct supplies what practice denies. Some years ago, when a military expedition was in Abyssinia, a tropical storm converted a mountain pass into an overwhelming torrent which swept away men, animals, and equipment in one vast jumble.

Among the transport animals were a number of camels, of whom the worst was expected. But they all swam like swans, and braved the torrent, emerging safely from their ordeal.

CHARING CROSS IS LOSING PRESTIGE

Victoria as the Hub of the World

Victoria is making a bid to become the centre of London, and London is the centre of the world.

Charing Cross station used to be the place where, sooner or later, every traveller overseas was to be met. But Charing Cross has let her chance slip by; she is losing prestige by waiting for the bridge that is never built.

Victoria has seized it. From Victoria you take the boat trains to cross the Channel. From the Coach Station in Buckingham Palace Road you may take a coach to any place in England. From Eccleston Street, where it spans the railway lines, a Green Line will take you to and beyond the outskirts of Greater London.

Opposite the Coach Station the new headquarters of Imperial Airways is springing up, infringing on the sidings of the railway. From there you will soon be able to take a seat in a plane to set you on your way round the world.

Fitting Into the New London

Train, bus, coach, plane, Victoria is fast becoming the terminus of them all. Its future is based on the scrap-heap of the past.

It scrapped the old inconvenient line of shops in Buckingham Palace Road by the side of the railway and the canal to make room for a wide road and good bridges. It scrapped the old division between the two stations, which are now joined under the Southern Railway.

By the rising standard of the new road it made it helped to scrap poverty-stricken dwellings. It remains for it to scrap the buildings which still fence in the chaotic station yard, where the buses contribute to as bad a block as anywhere in London at the rush hours.

Then Victoria, with a better Victoria Street, and a Vauxhall Bridge Road cleared of its trams and huffer-mugger shops, will be a heart of London on which London can look with pride.

Let Victoria take note of the mistakes Charing Cross has made, sweep away its remaining rubbish, and clothe itself with architectural dignity, and it will fit admirably into the new London now shaping itself in keeping with the Twentieth Century.

The William Scoresby

The research ship William Scoresby is sailing south again this autumn.

She will be commanded by Lieutenant R. C. Freake, who will steer for the Antarctic, to mark whales as part of a scheme for studying their migration.

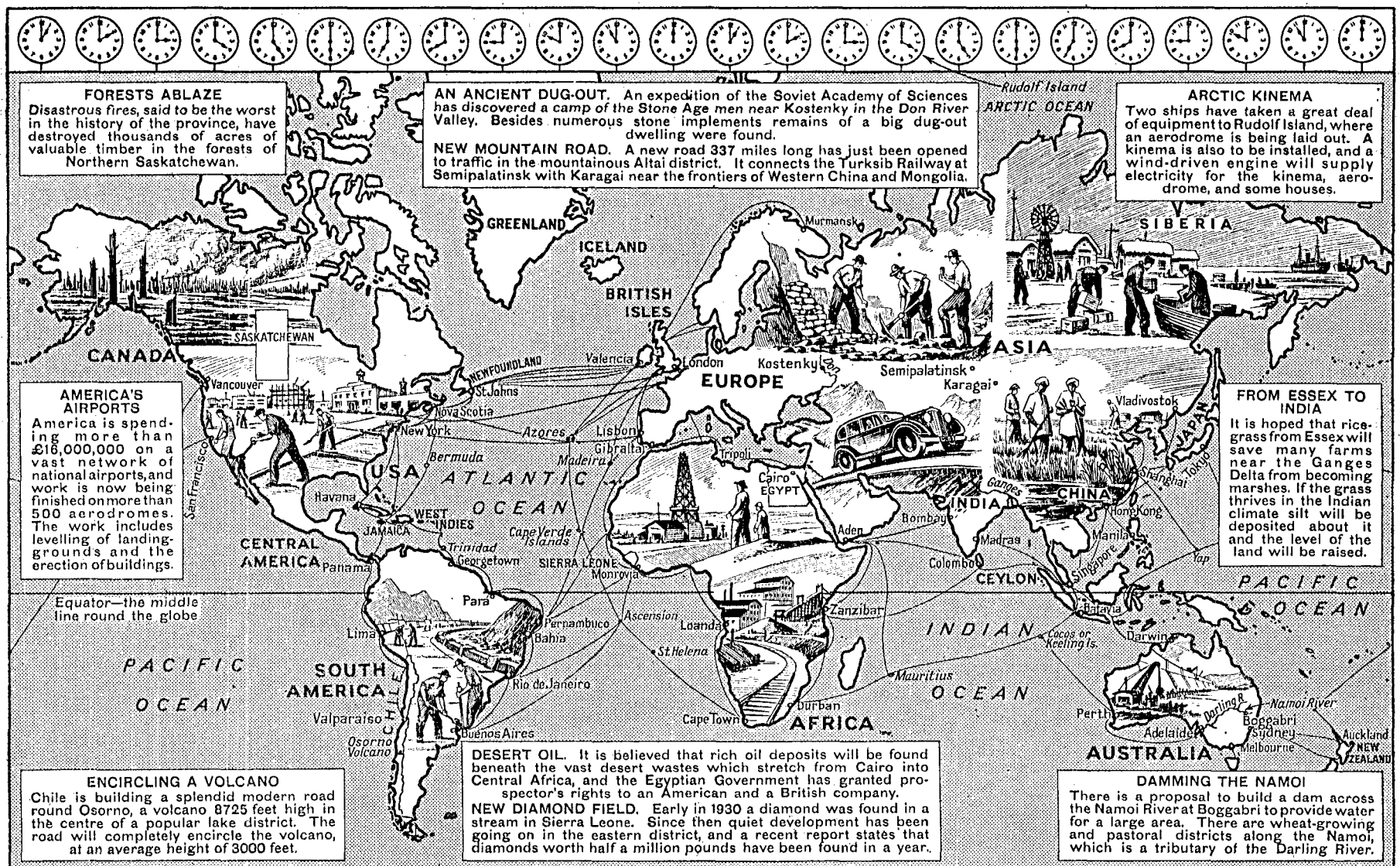
The William Scoresby is named after two Yorkshiresmen, father and son. The elder Scoresby was born at Cropton in 1760, and his son was born there in 1789. Both were whaling captains, and the father, six feet high and of extraordinary strength, was the greatest Arctic navigator of his day. A year after Trafalgar he forced his ship farther north than any vessel had ever been. He made 30 whaling voyages and accumulated a fortune. He invented the ice-drill, and is said to have designed the first crow's-nest for observation purposes.

His son takes rank not only as a great whaling captain, but as one of our foremost writers on the Arctic regions. Like his father, he would never catch whales on Sunday, yet always went back home with more whales to his credit than any other captain. When he was 34 he gave up the sea and an income of £800 a year to become a country curate on £40 a year.

Moving an Old Inn

The oldest house in Chesham, Buckinghamshire (a 15th-century inn condemned under a clearance scheme), has been moved by its new owner and is being rebuilt in a village two miles away.

Picture-News Map, with the World's Main Cable Routes



Fascinating Facts About China

China is full of surprises for us all, so little is known of this vast empire of hundreds of millions of people. Here are a few striking things about it.

The skill of the Chinese in river navigation is superior to that of any other nation.

The compass is a Chinese invention of nearly 1600 years ago.

Salt manufacturers in the province of Szechwan have utilised volcanoes for furnaces with perfect safety.

For their mining operations the Chinese many years ago invented a torch made of sawdust and resin which burns brightly without flame and does not ignite inflammable gases in the shaft.

The manufacture of porcelain is carried on, chiefly in the province of Kiangsi, under the most perfect system of divided labour.

Respect For Learning

There are mountains in China which have been cut into terraces and irrigated up to their summits, which demonstrates the marvels and skill of Chinese industry.

Outside the Imperial Family there used to be no class distinctions in China such as are known in Europe and other countries.

Respect for letters has been so profound and so deeply rooted in the Chinese character that it had never been found necessary to make education compulsory. Nor were any restrictions placed on the establishment of schools. Anybody who liked could open a school, without any interference from the authorities.

Britons regard their own encyclopedias as monumental works, but under one of the first Ming emperors a Chinese encyclopedia was compiled consisting of 22,937 books.

Kouan-tse, an economist who lived before the Christian Era, wrote that "The best that can be done for men in a social State, by means of industry and

labour, is that all should have the necessities and some the conveniences of life."

In religion the Chinese practise Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism with such tolerance that a Buddhist and a Taoist priest often share the same temple in perfect harmony.

Agriculture is so highly honoured in China that more than 4000 years ago a ploughman ascended the Dragon Throne, having been nominated by Emperor Yeo as his worthiest successor.

A calendar for the guidance of farmers and giving instructions on the rotation of crops was published about 4000 years ago.

The industry and skill of the Chinese farmer are so great that the poorest among them contrive to make a living out of a plot of ground containing only a few square yards.

In China nothing is allowed to go to waste. Their principle is that whatever has been taken out of the soil should be returned to it.

Trees and Plants Will Adapt Themselves

The reported discovery of a drug which will check the growth of the germs causing malaria will be welcome everywhere, but nowhere more than in India, where millions suffer from it.

Quinine has been the chief source of relief from the malady, and it is a fine thing for Lord Derby to be able to boast that his grandfather introduced into India the growth which yields the precious medicine. That was a carrying of a remedy from South America to Asia, from a sub-tropical climate in the West to a sub-tropical climate in the East.

Plants and trees are marvellously accommodating. Englishmen are astonished to see oaks in South Africa strikingly resembling those they left

Walking Home to England

MANCHESTER will before long receive an interesting visitor in the person of William R. Drinkwater, if that gentleman's luck holds out sufficiently long. So far it has not deserted him on his long walking trip across more than half Canada.

After five years of unemployment in Edmonton, Alberta, Mr Drinkwater became so homesick that he determined to trek for one of the Dominion's east coast ports, and from there work his passage across the Atlantic back to his native Manchester. He had no money for the journey: what little capital he had was laid out in a supply of picture postcards of himself to sell en route.

His next care was to build a light travelling shelter in which he could sleep during the journey. This he did with a long box fitted to two bicycle wheels, and covered with a hood to be raised and lowered as required. He left Edmonton on April 9 of this year.

By the beginning of September he had reached Toronto, brown as a nut

and hard as nails. He had worn out four pairs of soles, slept under the stars or in Salvation Army barracks, even gaols; and he declared that the journey proved of greater interest every day. He had met bears aplenty, but these animals were too busy eating luscious berries and other fruits to bother about a lean and wiry passer-by.

When seen at Toronto Mr Drinkwater was the guest of one of the city police stations, where he had been accommodated for several days pending his appearance as witness in the finding of a man's dead body in a ditch. He told of his experiences, which included a stiff fight with dust storms in Saskatchewan and ploughing through snowdrifts in Alberta.

The Last Lap

Sales of Mr Drinkwater's postcards and occasional "handouts" by kindly folks along the way had kept him amply provided with food. He had just finished washing his blanket and underwear when the interviewer arrived, and these belongings were drying on a line stretched from one of the cell windows of the gaol. The traveller and the policemen had struck up a real friendship.

The wanderer left Toronto headed for Montreal, the last lap of his 2500-mile trip across Canada. If he maintains his average of 20 miles a day he should reach that port well in advance of the time for closing navigation on the St Lawrence River and succeed in finding a vessel on which he can work his passage to England.

Mr Drinkwater hopes to reach Manchester in ample time to spend Christmas at his old home. So thoroughly has he enjoyed his journey that he wonders why he did not think of it long ago. He has no intention of settling down in the British Isles; his plan is to return to America, tour the continent with his wagon, eventually arriving back again at Edmonton.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 9

1937



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter, House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Little Boy of Long Ago

We have received from one of our readers a little book from which he learned to read over 75 years ago. It was published at Stony Stratford a hundred years ago, in an office in which printing is still carried on.

We take from it this little tale to show the kind of story from which an actual C N reader used to learn to read.

THERE was a little boy; it was not a big boy, for if it had been a big boy I suppose he would have been wiser; but this little boy, not higher than the table, his papa and mamma sent him to school.

It was a very pleasant morning; the sun shone, and the birds sang on the trees. Now this little boy did not love his book much, for he was but a silly little boy, as I said before, and he had a great mind to play, instead of going to school. And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower and then upon another, so he said, pretty bee! will you come and play with me? But the bee said, no, I must not be idle, I must go and gather honey.

Then the idle boy saw a horse, and he said, horse! will you play with me? But the horse said, no, I must not be idle, I must go and plough, or else there will be no corn to make bread of. Then the little boy thought to himself, what? is no-one idle? then the little boy must not be idle neither. So he made haste, and went to school.

Good Neighbours

THE story is told in Arthur Mee's book of London of how Bush House stretched a friendly pair of wires across the street to the tower of St Mary-le-Strand in order to work by electricity the broken clock of the old church. On the opposite side of the Strand the church has another big neighbour, Somerset House, headquarters of the Income Tax people.

The other day, when we were admiring a splendid show of dahlias in the churchyard of St Mary's, like an island in the midst of traffic, we found there a notice stating that the garden is maintained by the Inland Revenue Horticultural Society.

Income taxpayers who have visualised Somerset House as a den of ogres who filch our hard-earned money must now remember that Inland Revenue officials are kindly beings who love a garden and like to be good neighbours to the little church across the way.

The End of Summer

Summer is gone on swallows' wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark, the linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again.
There is in woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whispered round,
As Echo in her deep recess
For once had turned a prophetess.
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.
Thomas Hood

Count Your Blessings

We are all home from our holidays, settling down to work again for autumn and winter; and it is a good time to take stock and see what we have to be thankful for. We should all be grateful in these days that we are living in a free country, safe and sound, and not at the mercy of a pitiless country like Japan, spreading death and murder about the world.

PERHAPS our boys and girls do not altogether realise how fortunate they are. Taking all in all, the youth of today are infinitely better off than the youth of yesterday.

The span of life has become longer, and every year of it has become better worth living, when all allowance is made for the international troubles of the present time. Even in the foreign sphere the world of a century ago was far more unsettled than it is now.

In the daily round of life conditions have so vastly improved that the present reality would have been deemed incapable of realisation by the British people of 1837 or 1867, or even 1897. A thousand new inventions have arisen, and many of them are of such a nature that the poor can employ and enjoy them as well as the rich, and many of the old inventions have become so widespread in use that they are the common property of all.

The printing press, an old invention, now turns out pictures by the million so that a poor child has now a better picture-book than a rich child could have in the old days. Travel is old enough, but the child of 1837 or 1867 knew it little; today we see children travelling alone in comfortable country omnibuses and proudly stating their destinations and paying their fares.

The new inventions are for all. Wireless is commanded for ten shillings a year, and four out of five of our households have receivers; that is a miracle translated into fact. A child today possesses wealth a millionaire could not command even thirty years ago. So with the talking film, which has reached the ends of the earth.

Food is better, more plentiful and more varied. The change in clothing is another miracle; the child of today is dressed beautifully, healthily, and cheaply.

We may be said to live in an age of silk. The artificial product has created a new industry providing a new luxury for all people, all children.

Many imperfections remain; there is, of course, much still to do, but it is well to pause now and then to count our blessings.

David or Goliath?

The agile David is preferred to the slow-moving Goliath.

So says the Industrial Health Research Board in dealing with the recreation of working people. It thinks heavy manual labour is now less needed, and that few employers want a man who can only push and pull—needing Davids, not Goliaths.

But surely it is not true that there is no great demand for strong men. An enormous amount of hard manual labour has still to be done, for each trade has its heavy work. This is not to criticise agility, but to state a fact. We must do all we can to alleviate the heavy work still done by millions, and not ignore its existence.

The Boy Who Was Licked

HERE is a letter said to have been received by a Southwark schoolmaster from the mother of one of his bright pupils:

Please excuse John for being away yesterday. He played truant. But please don't lick him. The two boys he was with licked him; a lorry driver he hung on to licked him; a man who owned a dog he hit licked him; the greengrocer licked him for taking an apple; I licked him when he came home, and his father licked him when he came home. So you need not lick him this time.

This amusing letter is quoted by the Rector of St Peter's, Walworth, in his parish magazine.

The Two Rivas

At last a serious move is afoot to deal with the problem of giving the sea in front of the hotels in Cannes immunity from pollution.

The Times

IT was odd to read this on coming home from a week or two in Cornwall. We cannot help thinking that if all those people who spend their holidays on the French Riviera would try the Cornish Riviera for a change they would find not only that the sea is cleaner and the hotels sweeter, but that their own minds have been stirred by a sense of beauty that will surprise them and uplift them too.

Growing Older

THERE are so many statements made about our population that we must consider essential points.

One of them is that the nation, through lack of children, is rapidly growing older. The rate of the ageing can easily be remembered.

When our century began half the population were under 25; now more than a third are under that age.

Taking the other end of life, when the century began 47 in each 1000 were over 65; but now 81 per 1000.

These are startling facts, which the nation ignores at its peril.

Letting the Shoals Pass

THE herring industry goes from bad to worse.

In a nation which, we are told, has many children underfed, the Clyde fishing boats, lacking a market, have dumped catches in the sea. On some occasions they have let the shoals go by as not worth attention.

Not worth catching, this rich harvest of the sea! What is the matter with us, that "men may work and women may weep" even while good food goes begging and children starve?

Mussolini 25 Years Ago

IMAGINE an Italy in which 36 millions should all think the same, as though their brains were made in an identical mould, and you would have a madhouse, or a kingdom of utter boredom or imbecility.

Signor Mussolini in 1912

Tip-Cat

IT is a country custom to tell the bees of an important event. They probably give a stinging reply.

MANY people enjoy weeding a garden. Others won't stoop to it.

A NOTICE in a window at a seaside resort says: "Laundress Wants Washing." She ought to know how to do it.



WEALTH goes to some people's heads. They buy expensive hats.

A MOUNTAINEER says women are good climbers. They have gone up in his estimation.

HARD work keeps you young, says a writer. Some people find keeping young is hard work.

THE new street lamps in Chelmsford are making the gardens grow. Gardening has become light work.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE Bible has now been translated into 1000 languages.

OVER a million people had their wages raised last month.

THE sale of milk has gone up by 20 million gallons in the last 12 months.

JUST AN IDEA

Is anyone any happier today for what you have done or for what you have been?

THE LEAGUE SURVEYS THE WORLD

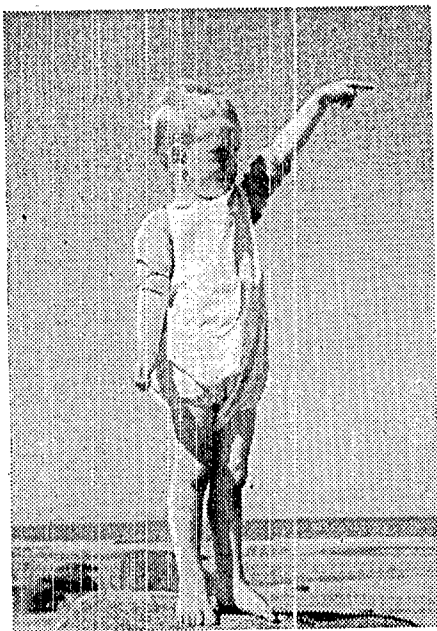
The League of Nations publishes yearly a World Economic Survey, and the latest is of great interest.

It deals with all important phases of activity, and begins with the Agreement between Britain, France, and America of September 1936 to control exchange rates.

The rapid rise in production is examined; it is found to have exceeded that in international exchange, a consequence of nations making more for themselves and less for export.

The review notes what is common knowledge, that prices are rising and shortages in supply developing, so that the cost of living is injuriously affected.

The worst of such reviews is that they are wise after the event, but economic history is well worth writing.



A CN reader pointing to the future

HISTORY MAPS FOR THE BLIND

The National Institute for the Blind is to prepare 120 maps illustrating world history from the Stone Age. They are being stamped out by hammer and punch on metal sheets, from which the embossed paper copies will be printed.

Each geographical feature is represented by a line or group of dots of varying size. A coastline, for example, consists of a line of dots heavier than those indicating a frontier.

COLLARS FOR CATS

The Dumb Friends League is once more urging people to put collars on cats.

Cats are for ever straying from home, and if they have no collar it is impossible to do anything with them except put them out of their misery. In London alone the League shelters about 100,000 cats a year, most of which have to be destroyed. If only the animals wore collars with a name and address it would be a simple matter to return them to their owners.

Six months ago the League appealed to all animal lovers to do what they could to induce people to give their cats collars; and anyone who cares to write to the headquarters may have one. About 5000 have been distributed.

ADVERTISEMENT

A Mandalay newspaper is said to have published this advertisement recently.

You will want electric light. Newest invention. All who wish to enjoy business of modern city life at their smiling homes may purchase one. May be used on table or wall. You may light or blow it off lying in bed at any time by using the other end of the string that passes to your pillow. Very pleasing to reading and glorifies the room and hall with splendid light as if sun has come down to your smiling house. Burns in strong wind. If placed in public functions, crowds will gather to it.

From Darkness to Light

UNEMPLOYED miners in the Barnsley neighbourhood are to become farmers. From the depths they are to come up to the surface and work in the sun and rain.

Two farms have been bought in the neighbourhood. On one about 40 miners will be settled, each with four acres of land, glass-houses, and piggeries. Their produce will be gathered up and sold collectively, and each miner will receive about £300 as capital, half of which he will have to pay back.

In addition to this scheme the local council has land at Ardsley, where it will

establish cottage homes. Holders of property there will receive half an acre of land together with piggeries, and a man who owns a cottage will, under this scheme, continue to receive unemployment benefit though he is able by hard work and good management to make a regular income from the sale of his produce.

Both schemes come from a council determined to do all that is possible for miners with no prospect of ever going down the mine again.

They have set a good example to us all, and we wish them Godspeed.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S GATE

Three schoolboys of Duncton School, Sussex, have made a gate at their weekly woodwork class, and the gate has been erected at the south entrance of the parish church.

THE SEARCH FOR OIL

One group of the searchers for oil in Sussex has abandoned the search, a disappointing end to an enterprise of great hope and great courage.

The Anglo-American Oil Company's site, carefully chosen for its similarity to oil-bearing formations in other parts of the world, turned out to be a failure. After boring 3506 feet (over half a mile) it was seen from the strata that it was useless to continue. However, the company are not downhearted. They have leased land near Dalketh, where they will move their machinery and begin all over again next month. May they have better luck this time.

GOOD MORNING, SWEEP

Is Mr John Glass our oldest chimney-sweep?

He must surely be, for he is 96 and still sweeping at Cross Park in Pembrokehire. He was sent up a chimney when he was seven and has been sweeping chimneys ever since. His father swept them till he was almost 100, dying at 104.

Few men can have a darker history than Mr Glass, but he is smiling still.

COTTON ROADS

Some months ago we told the story of experiments with cotton as a road material.

Now America is using more and more cotton on her highways. Work is beginning on about 100 miles of roads which are to have a cotton foundation, and before the end of the year it is expected that America will have about 600 miles of them. The first was built three years ago, and is still in perfect condition. The cotton is used to reinforce ordinary bituminous surface material.

ENGLISH TOBACCO

It was Sir Walter Raleigh who first introduced tobacco into England. Now England is producing her own.

A Hampshire farmer, Mr A. J. Brandon, has been experimenting with the weed, and this year his crop has yielded 7000 lbs of cured leaf, over three tons of English tobacco.

Visitors to his ten-acre farm at Church Crookham during the harvesting season might well imagine themselves in the West Indies. The plants are cut, the stalks speared on laths, and the crop is taken away to the huts, where log fires are kept alight throughout the whole of the curing season.

THE HOUSEMAID'S £10,000

A housemaid has left a fortune of £10,000 for poor people.

The news comes from Copenhagen, where folk are talking of Emilie Charlotte Hansen, who as a young girl went into the household of a rich merchant. When he died in 1910 he left Emilie a legacy and an income of £150 a year. Since then she has lived alone, saving every penny and investing her money in sound securities, and now that she has passed on she has left everything she had to the poor.

THOUSANDS OF STAMPS

The stamp collector knows that his hobby provides him with an illustrated commentary on world events.

In Britain we have had Coronation stamps; Italy has had stamps commemorating the Abyssinian affair; Turkey has stamped the fortifying of the Dardanelles; while Belgium has had a special Queen Astrid stamp, and Hitler stamps have been issued in Germany.

A glance at the new edition of Stanley Gibbons's Simplified Stamp Catalogue reveals these facts and many others, for in more than 1000 pages 56,822 stamps are listed with their prices, and pictures of 7301 stamps are shown. This catalogue is a marvellous volume for anyone who collects stamps.

A MINE OF GOLD AND A HEART OF GOLD

Somewhere in the Bahamas is a man who owns a mine of gold and has a golden heart. He is Mr Harry Oakes. He has just given £80,000 to St George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner.

This antiquated hospital has been appealing for funds for years; now, thanks to Mr Oakes's wonderful gift, building will begin next year. The new hospital will be built in two sections, the second section when still more money is available. The new building will have 520 beds, and will be architecturally in keeping with its fine position.

Mr Oakes has a goldmine in Canada and two houses in the United States, but lives chiefly at Nassau in the Bahamas. He has lately been in London, and left behind him the biggest single contribution yet made to St George's Building Fund.

A LIGHTNING FLASH

For the first time in the history of British broadcasting a direct flash of lightning has crippled a transmitting station.

Looking out of a window of the high-power transmitter at Westerglen, a B B C engineer saw a flash of lightning strike the centre of the aerial carrying the Scottish Regional and Scottish National programmes. There was a sudden arc of flame, and down came masses of twisted wire, the heavy insulators crashing to the ground at the same moment.

It was 40 minutes before the Scottish National programme was working again.

RICKETS ARE GOING

It is good to be told that Manchester is losing its rickety children.

Dr E. D. Telford has been telling the Education Committee that the most striking feature of the last 32 years of the Residential School for Crippled Children is the almost complete disappearance of rickets. In his report the doctor writes:

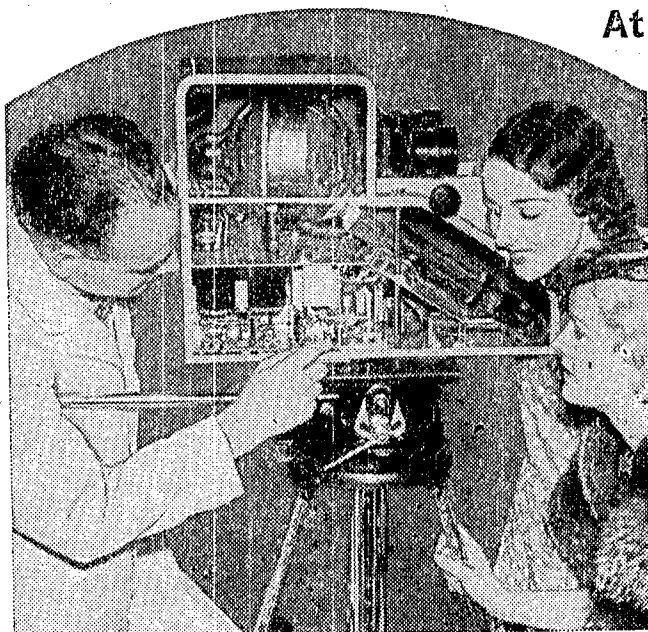
The change is dramatic, amounting as it does to the virtual disappearance from the schools and streets of the town of those crippling deformities which were formerly so common. For this fortunate result the admirable work of child welfare clinics, together with better food and housing, is responsible.

For many years I performed each year 40 to 50 operations for rickety deformities, and I have had to perform only three such operations during the last two years.

A NEW GIANT FOR GERMANY

Berlin has a new giant. To be seen at the Natural Science Museum, it is the skeleton of a brachiosaurus, a prehistoric reptile 50 feet long and standing nearly 40 feet high. Its remains were found years ago in German East Africa.

At Both Ends of Television



A peep inside the wonderful Emitron camera which photographs a scene for television and, on the right, the inside of a receiver showing the big cathode ray tube on which the picture is seen in the home



THE DEEP-SEA CABLES THAT FORM

*There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,
On the great grey level plains of ooze, where the shell-burred cables creep.*

Rudyard Kipling

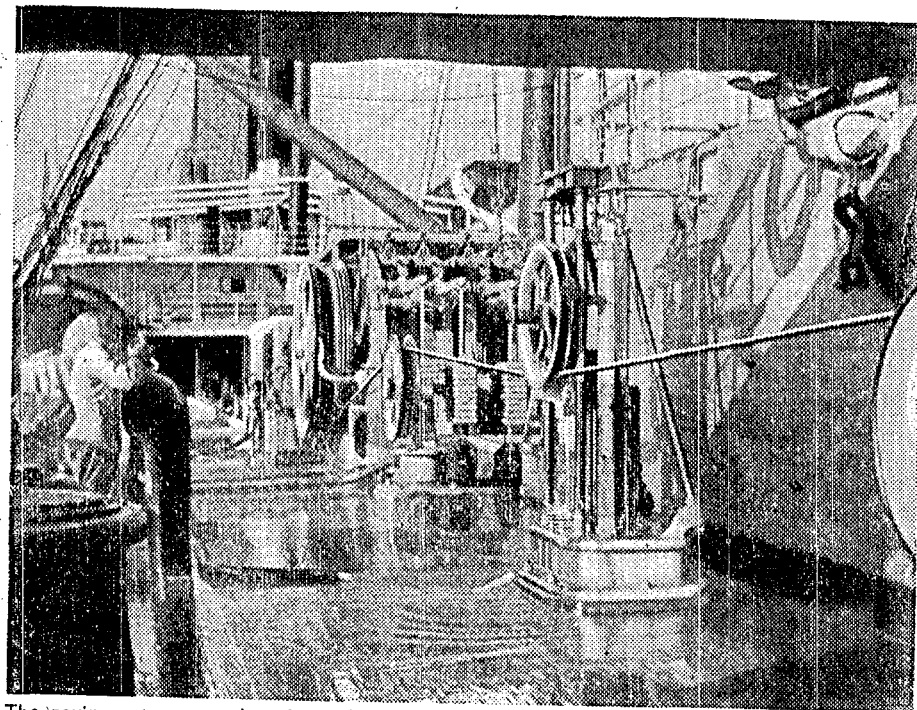
THE globe is caught up in a spider's web of submarine cables. Their strands are buried beneath the Seven Seas to link the Five Continents. They touch Iceland on the verge of the Arctic Circle and New Zealand on the verge of the Antarctic. The Cable and Wireless Company of Great Britain has 165,000 miles of cable, with 200 stations overseas and 10,000 operators to work them and the wireless which fills the gaps and expedites the messages over 300,000 miles of line. All the cables of the world put together amount to 355,000 miles.

Only world maps convey the right picture of this vast network (see also page 5). The lines of cables are drawn from the British Isles to the Americas, to Africa, east, west, north, and south; across the Indian Ocean to India, Malaya, Java, China, and Japan; to Australia and New Zealand beneath the South Atlantic and the Pacific.

All this has sprung from the cable laid from Cape Grisnez to Dover in the year before the Great Exhibition of 1851, and jeered at before it was begun as a bell-rope to communicate between England and France; and from the far more splendid achievement of the Atlantic Cable, which, just 79 years

ago, carried a 95-word message from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States—and then fell silent. It was eight years later before the cable ship Great Eastern landed another cable, triumphing over failure after failure, in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, at Heart's Content. The name of the station typified the relief of the men who, however often the links were broken, never despaired of making the chain complete.

The story of the Atlantic Cable is an epic too well known to be retold, but its vicissitudes, of broken cables which have to be fished up and repaired, and the infinite care and pains which have to be taken in laying them and keeping them in repair, are repeated today. Imperial Cable and Wireless have seven repair ships in active commission, Western Union has two to take care of the Atlantic lines alone. The work of these ships is never-ending. They go about their lawful occasions, their tasks and their destinations known to the cable companies alone. Mr John Milne, who was the founder of modern earthquake science, and the chronicler of all the major earthquakes which shake the world each year, used to say that the cable com-



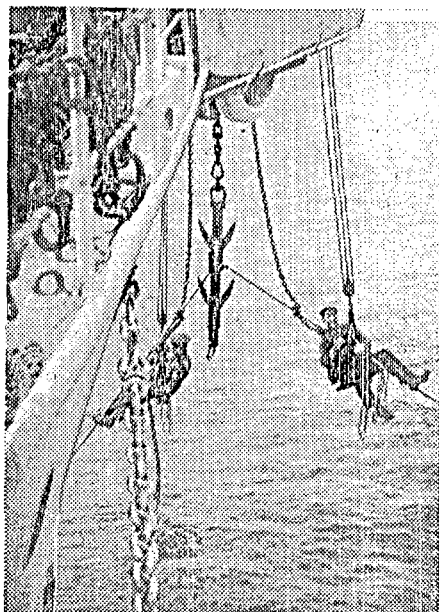
The paying-out gear on board a cable ship. Some ships carry as much as 2600 miles of cable

panies were the only people who could say where all the earthquakes which disturb the ocean bed took place.

Before a cable can call for these repairs it has to be laid, and before it is laid its route has to be surveyed. A safe route has to be chosen to ensure its life and maintenance. A sudden change in depth is unhealthy for it, because a cable festooned between two submarine beaches chafes and wears thin. Near the coast it must keep away from river mouths with their under-currents. Where possible it is best laid not on rock or coral but on a bottom of sand or ooze. When Rudyard Kipling wrote of the deep-sea ooze where the great sea cables creep, and through them "words, and the words

of men, flicker and flutter and beat," he was thinking of the vast plateau of ooze between Europe and America on which the Atlantic Cable rests.

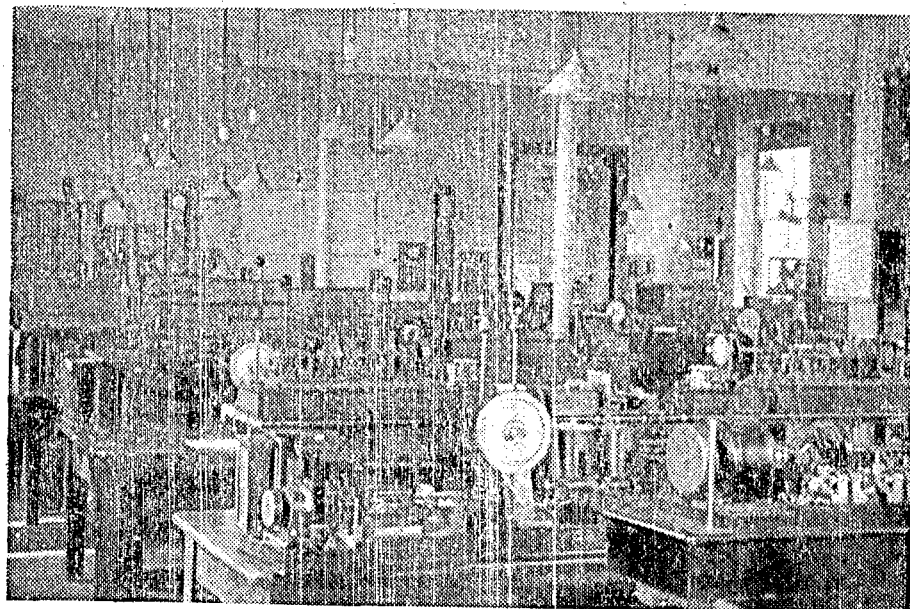
The Admiralty Charts afford preliminary information, but the exact route has to be examined by a survey ship which zig-zags all the way along the chosen line, marking the depths, the temperature of the water, and the nature of the bottom. The soundings are made by a weight of 30 to 60 lbs at the end of steel pianoforte wire drawn in lengths of thousands of fathoms; the bottom is explored by a sounding tube which brings up samples, extracted with the help of a self-acting trigger which comes into action when the sounder reaches



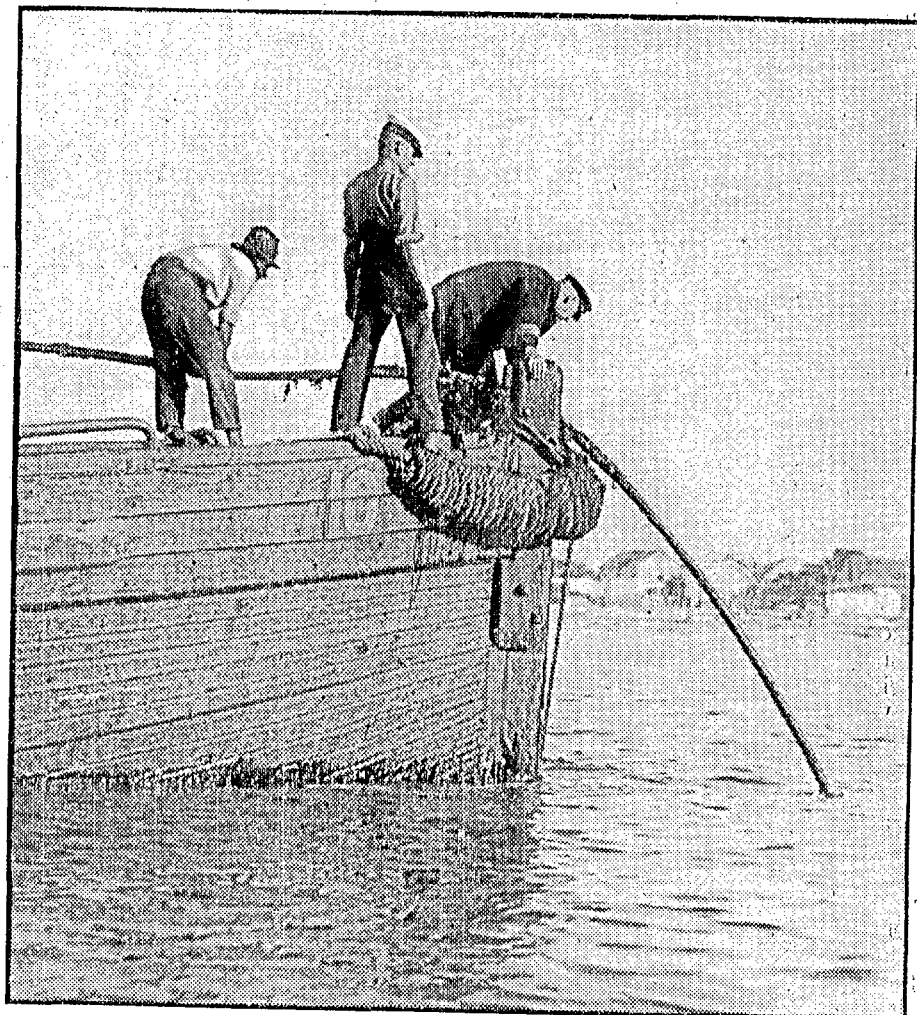
Securing a cable after raising it from the sea-bed with a grapple



Picking up a buoy which marks an end of a broken cable



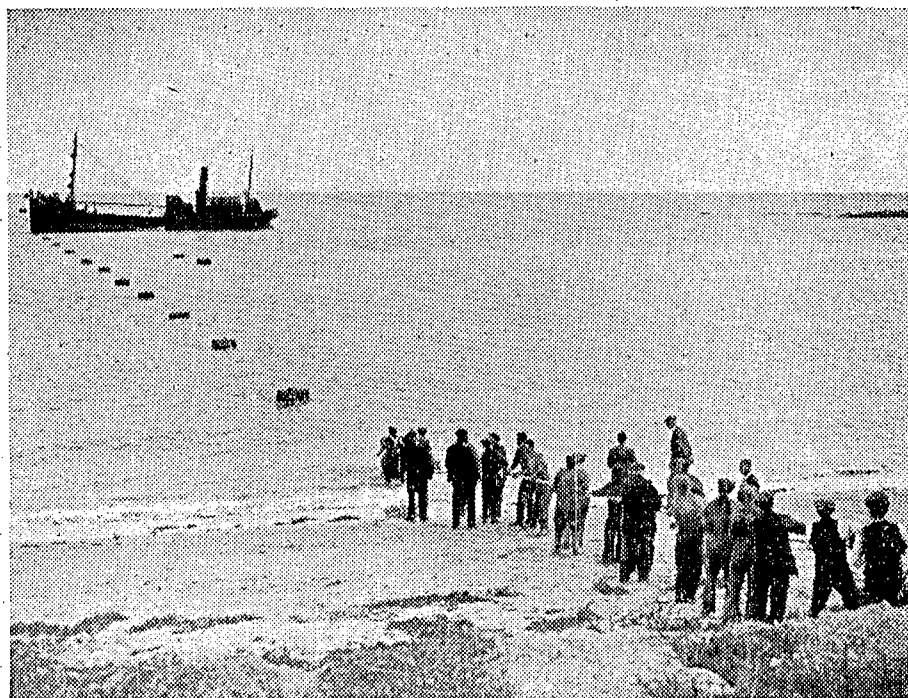
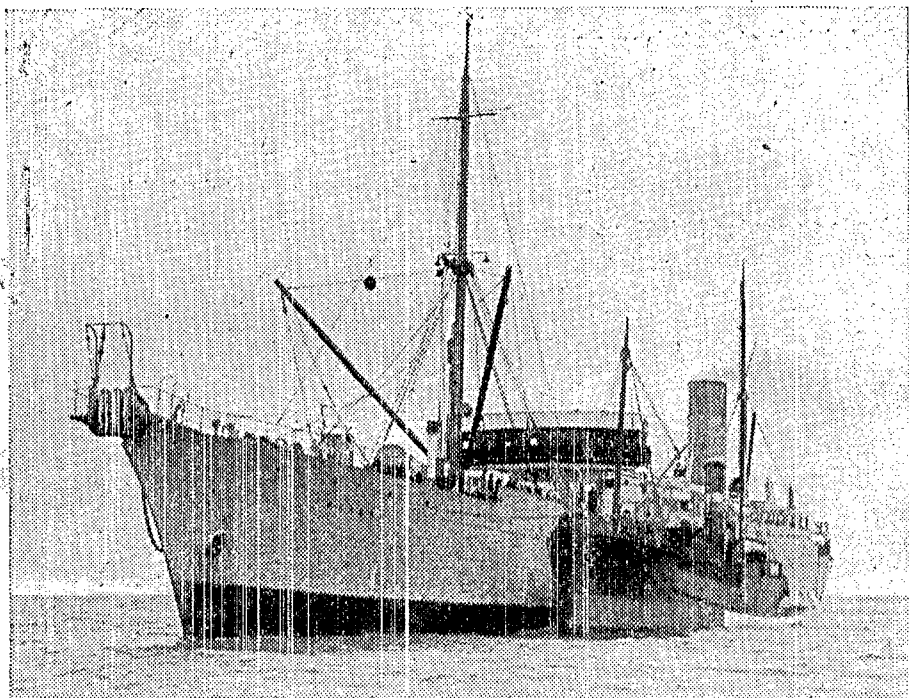
Apparatus in the Porthcurnow Station near Land's End capable of working at over a hundred words a minute in each direction simultaneously



Paying out a cable from a barge in shallow water

These pictures are given by courtesy of Cable and Wireless Limited, the G P O, and others

A SPIDER'S WEB ABOUT THE WORLD



The Faraday, which has recently laid a cable between Ireland and Scotland, lowering tackle into a small steamer which, as seen in the picture on the right, takes the end closer to the shore

bottom. A 2000-fathom depth can be reached in 20 minutes, and a complete sounding can be made in about twice that time. All the records are marked down on a chart with the places where they were taken ascertained by dead reckoning when the survey ship is at sea.

The depth-finding wire is paid out from a drum with an instrument to count the revolutions. The sounding tube carries with it instruments to record the temperature and the pressure, and to bring up samples of water as well as of the bottom. When all this has been well and faithfully performed the cable is shipped. But it is laid down mentally long before it is put on board. The whole of the movements of the cable-laying ship and the procedure to be adopted are foreseen and arranged, so that the successive lengths of cable are unwound from the tanks where they are stowed on board and come out in proper order.

A 1200-Mile Cable That Weighs 3200 Tons

FOR the laying there are at least three thicknesses of cable, the heaviest at the shore ends, an intermediate, and a deep-sea type. A long cable might consist of a length of nine miles at one shore end, and 11 miles at the other, with 220 miles of intermediate and 540 miles of deep-sea cable. These are the lengths of an actual cable that has been laid. The thickest parts of the cable may weigh as much as 20 tons to the mile (or 15 tons in water), and the thinnest about one-tenth of that weight. A typical 1200-mile cable weighs about 3200 tons.

When all is ready the cable ship steams close to the shore where the new link is to begin, and passes out a length of cable to a barge, which carries it ashore. One end is then connected at the landing-place, and the barge returns to the ship paying out the rest of the cable on her way. The splice between the "shore end" and "intermediate" cables is made, and the cable-laying ship then sets out on her voyage, paying out the cable over a machine at her stern. When the pre-arranged position is reached the

"deep-sea" cable, not much more than an inch in diameter, is spliced to the intermediate section. The outgoing cable is watched and tested night and day, and is kept at a tension dependent on the speed of the ship and the depth of the sea. At 1000 fathoms the cable reaches the sea-bed about five miles astern of the ship, and as it weighs from one to two tons a mile it has to bear a great strain, especially in rough weather. When the ship comes to the distant shore another length of shore-end cable is again brought by a barge, spliced to the main cable, and the whole lowered gently over the bows.

Cables Could Take All the Messages of Commerce

THE new cable drops to the ocean bed, and within a few minutes Electra House on the Thames Embankment, headquarters of Cable and Wireless, knows it. Almost at once the cable goes into business. It may be employed to become one of the side chains joining London directly with Bombay, Hong-Kong, Australia, Capetown, Cairo, and Buenos Aires.

The speed at which signals can be sent along the cable is what has most accelerated the spread of cables all over the world, till now they can take all messages that commerce demands, and more. The first messages were transmitted by hand, as the operator depressed the key of a Morse sending apparatus, and were received on a mirror galvanometer at the other end. Only ten words a minute could be sent, and two men were needed to receive them. Afterwards when a message had to pass over sections of cables between London and Singapore, for example, it had to be re-cabled thirty times at the junctions.

The successive improvements of sixty years, the Kelvin recorder, the Muirhead transmitter, the S. G. Brown relay, which automatically received signals from one cable and transferred them to the next, duplex transmission, and later high-speed instruments devised by the cable company's engineers, have so speeded up the working that, while a telegram from England to India took at one time over



After the cable has been hauled ashore, as seen in the top picture, it is buried in a trench and runs to the land station

six days, it can now reach its destination in under six minutes.

In the same way that a message on a newly-laid cable can reach Electra House a few minutes after the shore end has been connected a break in the cable at once signals itself. The refinement of modern instruments enables the electrical engineers to decide where the break has occurred, and one of the repair ships is at once sent to find it.

The work of these repair ships, in all weathers and at all places, is one of the unsung romances of the sea. In essentials it seems merely businesslike. The ship steams to the spot indicated by the shore electricians. They do not expect to find the right spot at once. It may be within 50 yards but rarely exceeds one mile. If the cable lies on coral

or rock it is hard to find. A grapnel attached to wire rope is dragged across the line of the cable until the tension shows that it has been hooked. Sometimes a cable is easily found, but occasionally vessels have worked day and night for weeks. In the case of a complete break one end is buoyed while the other is hauled on board, where electricians and jointers splice on a length of cable. Then the buoyed end is recovered and joined up, and the cable, perfect once more, is left on its ocean bed.

Electra House receives frequent messages of the progress of the work; but the repair men alone can tell, but seldom do, of the strain, not on the cable, but on the nerves and sinews of those who mend it.

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA Prosperity Returning to a Continent

POOR ONLY IN PEOPLE

Australia has more than recovered from the evil days after 1931, when her sheep fetched rubbish prices and her small population had many unemployed among them.

Prices have recovered, and appear to be still rising. Britain buys enormous quantities of her mutton, lamb, eggs, butter, cheese, fruit, and wine.

In 1936 the exports of Australia to all countries, of all goods, reached £126,000,000. Her imports were less (£90,000,000), but that is because she has to export to pay interest on the enormous amount of British capital invested in her enterprises.

Australia aims at a big manufacturing output, but her difficulty is that what other nations wish to sell her in exchange for her great food exports are the very manufactures she desires to make for herself. She needs to increase her small population if she is to find a market for manufactures.

How Many Can She Maintain?

Opinions vary greatly as to how many people Australia can support. An Australian who has carefully studied the subject put the figure at only 23 millions. One British estimate came out at 200 millions, and another British estimate is half that. A German scientist, after a tour of the island-continent, named 150 to 200 millions as a reasonable figure.

What is quite certain is that the present population of under seven millions is absurdly small. Nearly half of the population lives in the tiny areas of the eight capital cities. Last year the population grew by only 50,000. The birthrate is short of the number needed to maintain the six and three-quarter millions without increase.

Not only so; Australia last year lost by migration a few thousand people, more migrants going out than entering. Australia is spending £11,000,000 on arms this year, but her best defence would be to add to her manhood. Only human beings, and many of them, can defend a great continent with an area of three million square miles.

THE THISTLE CROP Wasting Our Precious Possession

Some of our readers are surprised to learn that in eastern England farms are offered at £10 an acre, including farm-houses and barns.

An acre is 4840 square yards, so that at a penny a square yard an acre works out at £20. Is it not remarkable that we can buy the freehold for all time of a precious bit of England for a halfpenny a square yard?

A young German, surveying a splendid crop of thistles in Surrey the other day, was aghast. "Why," he said, "in Germany we are planting even the roadside between the highway and the hedge."

Yes, and in some places they plant useful vegetables even in the strips of land beside railways; and in Italy they cut ledges on mountain-sides to grow good food. In Holland they drain the famous Zuider Zee and turn it into farms. Only in England is land so often a waste product, growing thistles, dock, nettle, ragwort, bracken.

The astonishing thing about crops of weeds near London is that the mighty metropolis is such a splendid market for every kind of vegetable.

The English Spirit

In the magazine of the oldest school in England, King's of Canterbury, we come upon these notes from a talk to the boys by the Editor of the C.N.

Under the brilliant headmastership of Canon Shirley, King's School is entering on a new chapter of its long career of 13 centuries, and it is interesting to read in this issue of The Cantuarian that in the building of new classrooms a layer of charcoal a foot deep has been discovered, with a much blackened hearth made of roof-tiles placed on end. In Tudor and Stuart times there must have been a really merry blaze, the Editor of The Cantuarian surmises!

Arthur Mee chose as the subject of his talk (speaking in a room in which Chaucer may have slept) the English Spirit, and these are the jottings noted down in The Cantuarian's report.

Life used to be like a rock; now it is like a volcano. We had long years of calm with storms now and then; in these days we have long years of storm with now and then an interval of calm. There is not a country in the world which feels safe. Ours is the last great throne that has not tumbled down, and the last of the world's great empires. The peoples of the earth have lost their freedom. They walk afraid, and whisper lest a spy should hear. The world that was safe has broken to pieces.

Napoleons, setting themselves up as gods among men, have made the world a dangerous place for everybody in it—a peasant who rose to be Dictator over 160 millions, a paperhanger master of 66 millions in a country not his own, a blacksmith's son the master of Italy. These have made a new god of the State, the State which every man must serve, or perish.

The Greatest Things

The great idea of the modern world has been that the life of a man is supreme and that the State is his creation, but the Dictator will not have it so. The Dictator will say to you that man was made for the State; but English liberty says to you that the State was made for man.

The greatest thing in the world is human life, and the greatest thing in the human world is character and personality.

The earth was once master of man, and man is learning to become master of the earth. He is not going to be beaten by the things he makes. We must grow up optimists, and we must cherish English liberty, so that men may be free to let their minds work in the world as they will.

The great figures of England—Tyndale and Chaucer and Shakespeare, Raleigh and Milton, Bunyan, Cromwell—were as different as could be in their lives and characters; but all had fought for one end, for the liberty of the spirit.

What is it that you must keep in your heart and mind and soul if you would be English to the core? It is, to begin with, an unshakable faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, the belief that God is behind the world, and that, in spite of all that is dark and threatening about us, the whole movement of the world is toward something better, something nobler and nobler yet.

An Englishman's Faith

The faith of an Englishman is that there is some great future for mankind, and he does not believe that men are marching forward to a grave of dust and ashes. He remembers how slow progress has been, and he knows that nothing is more certain than that the world moves on to better things. He knows that it took far longer to abolish slavery in England than the League of Nations has had to abolish war throughout the world. He knows that visions fade and dreams are broken, but he goes on dreaming, and he knows that in the end his dreams come true. The Englishman is the eternal optimist.

He believes in the loveliness of simple things—his garden, a little wood, the glory of our oaks and beeches, the beauty of a country lane, the little church with its tower that draws the people to it in their joys and sorrows, the memory of that long line of heroes who have made this land dear for her reputation throughout the world. All

these we share in common. We are not for ever beating drums and blowing trumpets through the world and bidding men sharpen their swords. If we are proud of Drake for sweeping tyrants off the seas, we are prouder still of him for finishing his game of bowls before he beat the Spaniards: just as we like that cricketer on the village green the other day who went on batting when they told him his house was on fire, not bothering overmuch, as he said, because he knew his wife was out; and just as we like the memory of that great admiral who saved his sinking ship and his crew by pulling off his wig and stopping a leak with it.

All these things so noble and so vital to us the destroyers of freedom would drive out of the world, but we are free to spread them everywhere. They are of the English spirit that we must keep alive in the world at whatever cost may be, for upon it depends the future of mankind. These days with the shadow of war above us all will pass. We are seeing the end of the greatest evil the world has ever known. Do not let us be cast down because the last fight with barbarism is the hardest of all; let us be glad that we are alive to strike a blow.

A Use For Every New Thing

Be sure that great events are always in the making; never a day but some seed is sown that will bear unexpected fruit. This seed of great events, how wonderful it is! The old monk Mendel growing peas in a monastery garden—who could have seen that he was forging a weapon to drive back insanity and build up a healthier race? A young doctor in India examining gnats until he fell asleep—what prophet could have seen the Panama Canal in that?

What is the use of it? somebody asked Michael Faraday. Madame, said Faraday, what is the use of a new-born child? Be sure there is some use for everything new, and there were never so many new things as now, when chemists are making them every day.

So, through generation after generation, men have given their lives for England. This is your generation, and what is it that England expects of you? Your day is the day of the last great fight for Liberty and Peace. The bitterest years mankind has known are behind us; the most hopeful years in human history are in front of you. It is not possible to stand in this historic place, this heart and soul of Chaucer's England, Shakespeare's England, to stand in this town to which Francis of Assisi sent his nine poor men, and not be moved by the thought of the future that lies before you boys of King's.

The Spirit of Our Race

Here England has been at her noblest and best. Here her old men have dreamed dreams and her young men have seen visions. Here, in this oldest school in England, the spirit of our race has been nourished and strengthened for 1300 years. The seed has been sown and the harvest has been reaped and a hundred generations of King's boys have gone out into the world to give their lives for England. This is your generation, and what is it that England expects of you? She expects of you that you will keep alive, burning like a fire, the liberty she has built up for you at so great a price, that you will keep her name bright like shining gold, and that, whatever happens in the years to come, you King's boys will quit you like men, and be worthy of the flag that made you free.

FIRST WHITE MEN THEY HAD SEEN A Tragic Tale That Ends Well

For over ten years certain Eskimo tribes wandering about the frigid territory north and west of Hudson Bay lived under a cloud of suspicion, a cloud now happily dispelled.

During centuries of association with white explorers of the Arctic Eskimos were always generous and helpful, succouring weak and helpless sailors wrecked or starving. They were the guides, hunters, and often the deliverers of all who went North.

But in 1923 Christian Leder, the Norwegian explorer, who had already passed several years in the Arctic, met a little-known tribe who in ignorance and terror had sullied the age-long record of their people.

Meeting two Americans, the first white men they had ever seen or heard of, they slew them in the belief that they were evil spirits. Soon afterwards, meeting a Canadian and a French missionary, they mistook them for ghostly avengers of the men they had slain, and killed them too. Unreasoning fear had driven them to acts of which Eskimos had never been guilty in all their long intercourse with white men.

Last year the Canadian Government discovered an Eskimo tribe in the same latitudes brought to the verge of starvation and death by the disappearance of animal food. The natives were shipped as a whole to a new settlement on Arctic Bay, off Admiralty Inlet, at the most northerly extremity of Baffin Island. There they have found new supplies of seals and other animals, and a recent official visit shows them, at the end of the first year, happy, healthy, prosperous, and deeply grateful to the successors of the men whom their Eskimo ancestors slew 14 years ago.

AMERICA'S GREAT SHELTER BELT

44 Million Trees Growing Up

More than 44 million trees have been planted in rows totalling 2600 miles as a contribution to America's Great Shelter Belt.

It was proposed three years ago to plant a belt of trees a hundred miles wide and a thousand miles long, stretching from the Canadian border to Amarillo in Texas, to protect the soil from being blown away. The idea was not to have an unbroken line of forest a hundred miles wide, but to create plantations a mile apart, so that farming could go on uninterrupted between the strips.

In March 1935 the first tree, a midget of 18 inches, was planted at Mangum in Oklahoma, and, although drought prevailed in the summer of 1936, by the autumn of that year 60 per cent of all trees planted were still growing. In one part of Oklahoma miles of trees grew ten feet in one season.

Many kinds of trees are being planted, but the Russian olive, American and Chinese elms, cottonwood, hackberry, wild plum, and red cedar have given the best results.

Already the falling leaves have begun to contribute to the neighbouring soil and the tree belts are playing their part against soil erosion. Birds have been attracted to the trees, and are proving useful in keeping down pests. It is said that every 40 acres of trees helps to save for agriculture 600 acres of land.

In the past man has cut down trees to win land for his crops, and has paid the penalty by making the way easy for Nature to create deserts. Now man is planting trees to defeat the desert and safeguard his crops.

URANUS THE MYSTERIOUS

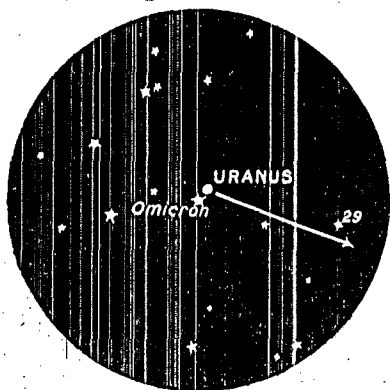
Is the Far-Distant Planet Covered With Ice?

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Uranus is now becoming well placed for observation during the coming months, being farther north of the celestial equator than for 60 years.

This high altitude together with his gradual approach to perihelion—which, however, is many years hence—brings Uranus nearer to us by over three million miles every year. Consequently this very remote world is becoming easier to see, even with the naked eye.

The position of Uranus in the constellation of Aries was marked in last week's star-map, but as field or opera glasses will help us both to find and to follow Uranus in his path through the heavens, the region is now shown much



Present position of Uranus, the arrow showing his path during the next three months

enlarged (as presented in the field-of-view of the glasses). The numerous faint stars there indicated are all either about as bright as or slightly fainter than Uranus will appear, so identification should be easy.

Though Uranus takes about three months to travel the distance indicated by the length of the arrow, it is apparently most rapid during the next few weeks, amounting in a week to more than half the apparent width of the Moon. At present Uranus appears very close to Omicron in Aries, a star as bright as Uranus, or even a little brighter. As Omicron is only about a quarter of the Moon's apparent width away from and below him, they will form a very striking pair when seen through the glasses. In two weeks' time, when there is no moonlight, they should be seen quite easily by the naked eye, a little farther apart and side by side.

A World of Twilight

When one reflects that the little greenish star is actually a world some 59 times the size of our own, moving at about 260 miles a minute and at present 1765 million miles distant, we are provided with something for our imagination to dwell upon.

Obviously a world 1834 million miles from the Sun does not derive much heat or light from him; in fact, our Earth receives 368 times more than Uranus. It might be supposed, therefore, that most frigid conditions would prevail in that dim world of greenish twilight, and, indeed, the temperature at the surface of his clouds is found to be extremely cold; but so it is at the upper layers of the Earth's atmosphere, the region of frozen nitrogen, for instance.

Beneath those vast belts of Uranian cloud all is mystery, though a speculation based upon narrow mathematical considerations of mass, volume, surface temperature, and so forth assumes that Uranus has a solid core covered with a layer of ice some 6000 miles thick, while above are dense layers of cloud and atmosphere extending for another 3000 miles or so. This conclusion does not take into account the probability of a heated interior or the presence of radioactive elements, either of which might well transform the whole situation. G. F. M.

SHELLS

Who has not gathered shells on the sea-shore?

Some shells are more fragile than the finest porcelain; some are big and coarse enough to be regarded as the kitchen pottery in Neptune's caves.

A walk along any shingly beach round our coast will bring us to some of the scattered treasures of the sea. There are scallop shells like pink and yellow fans, razor shells with burnished backs, and mussels a deep blue. There is the haliotis, with a fringe like a link of beads, and there are scores of whelks with many-coloured spirals. Trochus Magus, a pretty pink shell like a pointed dome; pelican's foot, one of the most curiously shaped of all British shells; the limpet and periwinkle—all these we may find near the water's edge, all matchless works of art built up by little architects of the sea.

In Warmer Waters

Few of our British sea-shells are as gorgeous as those found in warmer waters. There are shells striped with carmine and saffron; there are emerald, green, and black spirals, rainbow-mottled cowries, wing shells glowing like a sunset, heart cockles shaded to a royal purple, vivid-hued aviculas, butterfly shells like gems, shells like gaily-painted mitres, green ampullarias, and those strange shells which are like the human spine with its ribs.

To shells we owe the white cliffs of Dover, for chalk is composed of the shells of minute creatures which lived and died long ages ago. Millions of them sank to the sea-bed to become the layers of chalk which gives us many of our hills and headlands today.

A Wonderful Collection

At Skipton Castle in Yorkshire is a room lined with shells brought home by a sailor earl of Queen Elizabeth's day. And Bristol may well remember an oddity named Philip Carpenter who was born there in 1819, for he spent 22 years of his life sorting 14 tons of sea-shells, every ton filling 40 cubic feet. Finding the shells at Liverpool, he paid £50 for them, and, after grouping them into 222 varieties, he packed off whole collections to museums in England and America. The shells had been collected by a Belgian naturalist, but it was Philip Carpenter who undertook the gigantic task of setting them in scientific order.

Shells have often been used as money; and it is in oyster shells that pearls of great price are sometimes found. For hundreds of years the scallop has been the emblem of St James the Great, and pilgrims at one time carried scallops in their hats, believing that if they did so St James would afford them special protection from all evils.

Competition Result

The two ten-shilling prizes in C.N. Competition Number 35, for the nearest correct solutions, have been won by Dorothy Deeming, 47 Court House Road, Finchley, London, N 12; and Jean Todhunter, 30 Monahan Avenue, Purley, Surrey.

The twenty gold-nibbed fountain pens were awarded to the following:

Terence Bishop, Addiscombe; Bettina Douglas, Edinburgh; Margaret M. Forbes, Crawley; Margaret Farmer, Cambridge; Christine Groves, Southsea; Nancy Jamison, Newtownards, Northern Ireland; Hellen Maitland, Alford, Aberdeenshire; Roy Martin, Merton Park, London, S.W.; June Mercer, Nottingham; Ralph Metcalfe, Leeds; Arthur Newman, Kennington; Edith Owen, Carlisle; Muriel Smith, Lerwick, Shetland; Joyce Silk, West Norwood; Irene M. Sutcliffe, Todmorden; Jean Tyre, Cardiff; N. Ventura, London, N.W. 11; Philip Warne, Bath; Peter Weston, Tooting; James Wilkie, Cradie, Aberdeenshire.

MEN OF PEACE IN SPAIN

Volunteers on Day-to-Day Work

Our readers already know how a car-load of members of the International Voluntary Service for Peace set out, early in the summer, to see how they could be useful to the stricken people of Spain by helping to raise food for orphaned and refugee children. We are glad to report that a suitable place was found, work has begun, and volunteers have begun to go out.

Friedl Funck, a young Swiss who worked many months on the I.V.S.P. project at Gateshead, is a trained agriculturist. He is in charge of the farm work in Spain. His letters give a vivid picture of the day-to-day work.

"Jack Hoyland and his helpers," he writes, "with the Spanish boys are extremely helpful. They are cleaning up, digging deeper the small streams which run through the fields and in some parts are overflowing the banks. Soon we shall start to plough and plant winter vegetables, build hen, dog, and rabbit houses, and also a greenhouse. We had to buy a few tools to enable us to make a start, but we need more for builders, carpenters, joiners, blacksmiths. We need for this autumn one good tractor and one good plough, a sowing machine, a harrow, and a roller."

The Question of Food

The work is useful in two ways: not only will it supply much-needed food to the children's colonies in the neighbourhood of Puigcerda, but it already offers some of the boys and girls of those colonies a chance to work and learn in a happy atmosphere of peace and international cooperation.

Only in the postscript does this I.V.S.P. worker think of his own needs. As an afterthought he adds, "The question of food is very serious for all of Spain. We must be supplied from abroad."

Following the receipt of this letter arrangements were made at once for two more volunteers to go out and one Sister, Jessie Moorhouse. Twenty good volunteers could be used, in addition to skilled gardeners, farmers, builders, carpenters, and plumbers, as the farm has to be built "from the ground up."

In addition to workers there must be money, sinew of war but also sinew of peace. £200 is needed urgently. The address is 1 Lyddon Terrace, Leeds. Mark it "For Spanish Farm."

HE PLAYED THE GAME

Farewell, Cricketer

Not long ago we told the story of Billie, the fox-terrier attending cricket matches at Altofts in Yorkshire.

In spite of his nine years and his crooked leg Billie was the best of all fielders in the home team, retrieving lost balls and saving the Altofts Cricket Club a little fortune.

We regret to announce the death of this Yorkshire cricketer. Soon after we wrote of him he played his last game, and played it finely. The last match he attended had more boundaries than usual, and Billie raced after six balls. Dashing round the field, hunting in the ditches, scratching in the grass, he retrieved all the balls, and was panting hard when the match was over. It was too much for him, and now he has passed on.

But he will be remembered for many a day, and his little body, which used to quiver with delight every time a batsman hit a boundary, is to lie in peace within a few yards of the cricket pitch where for so long he played the game so joyously.

Can you translate this important message?

You can if you're a member of the

League of Happy OVALTINEYS



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6-10-36-40-18-12-18-6-2-40-10-38
30-12 26-10-36-18-40? 24-10-40-38
40-36-50 40-30 46-18-28 30-28-10



WOULD you like to know the Ovaltineys' own private code for sending their important messages? Would you like to understand their secret highsigns and signals? Well . . . you can join in all this fun and learn how to be always fit and healthy. Just fill up the coupon now and become a member of the League of Happy Ovaltineys.

POST THIS TO-DAY!

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,
184 Queen's Gate,
London, S.W.7

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule-book of the League.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, 9/10/37 (Write in BLOCK letters.)

BOYS AND GIRLS OVERSEAS are cordially invited to join the League of Ovaltineys. They should fill in and send the coupon above, together with a paper disc or a circular aluminium seal from the top of a tin of Ovaltine.

Learn to Speak French with your Ears!



WHAT a funny idea! But it really is sense—you listen with your ears to gramophone records of Frenchmen talking French, and in ever such a short time you find you can speak French too!

TEST THIS FREE on any Gramophone

By means of special Records, Pictures and Books, which deal with such interesting subjects as Sport, Motoring, Wireless, etc., the Linguaphone Courses enable even the youngest child to pick up a foreign language in an amazingly short time, and to speak it with a perfect accent. And the Courses are so interesting that the whole family will enjoy learning together. The success of the Linguaphone Method is established by the fact that it is used by over 11,000 Universities and Schools.

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This coupon below will enable you to get the FREE 26-page Book, which tells all about the wonderful Linguaphone Method and how you can obtain a complete Linguaphone Course for a week's trial at home.

Read what Parents say

"My boy of eight is head of his French Class."

"It is like learning your mother tongue, without effort."

"Not only has my daughter's oral work improved considerably, but my boy of twelve was first in his form at the Christmas examinations."

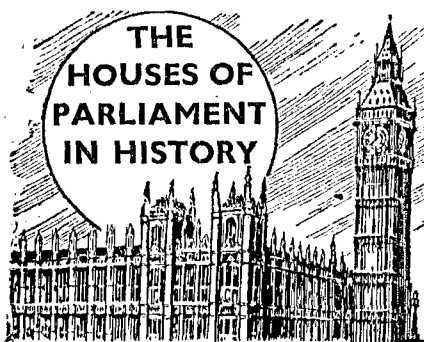
"I bought my son the Spanish records, and at the last Matric. he was awarded Distinction in both oral and written Spanish."

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COURSES IN:
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Please send me (post free) your 26-page Book about the method, and even Linguaphone way of learning languages.
I am interested in the _____ language.
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2 Warren Hastings

One of the most famous trials in history is that of Warren Hastings because it lasted seven years. He had helped to build up our Empire in India, but his enemies accused him of ruling dishonestly. He was tried in the Houses of Parliament, where all the most important trials were held, and though he was finally declared innocent, those seven years had nearly killed him. He left the court a broken man.

Of course you know H.P. means Houses of Parliament. H.P. Sauce is famous for its excellence and tastiness—it gives good appetite and aids your digestion.

H P SAUCE

Large bottle 9d.
Penny size 3d.



MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

THE BISHOP OF THE VERY POOR

Bitter Call From a Great City

The poorest in England, the good Bishop of Sheffield terms his diocese. Surely that is a remarkable saying!

Sheffield, famous for its steel! Sheffield, a fountain of British wealth! Yet Sheffield poor and in dire need of help.

In an appeal for funds at this time of crisis the Bishop quotes George Eliot:

"What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?"

Sheffield has suffered severely through the coal changes, while the draining of acquired wealth out of a wholly working-class area leaves it without resources. The interests connected with Sheffield do not seem to have thought it necessary to provide against adversity. That is the case of many similar places, and Sheffield is just a particularly bad example.

Smoke and smuts, poverty and squalor, din and danger (we read) "are our daily portion." Mining areas comprise two-thirds of the diocese, while in Sheffield itself, despite trade improvement, there are 16,000 people receiving poor law relief and 27,000 unemployed. Nine-tenths of the parishes are desperately poor.

So the Bishop makes "an exceedingly bitter cry for bare necessities." The Bishop, Sheffield, is a sufficient address for C.N. readers who would like to help, and the Editor gives the appeal his warmest blessing.

SAFER FLYING Lap-Straps and Oxygen

A new regulation of much interest to all who fly has just come into force.

It provides that a lap-strap shall be available for every seat in an aeroplane, as a lifebelt is available for every passenger at sea.

Though it has become exceptional to have bumpy weather (pilots usually try to fly above it), the nervous passenger need have no qualms in future about cracking his head on the plane's roof.

Another more important regulation provides for at least two fire extinguishers to be carried in every passenger plane of more than ten seats. It is astounding that this regulation has not been put into force before. In this the air is very far behind the sea, for weekly fire-drills on nearly all British passenger steamers have been taken as a matter of course for a long time.

Oxygen and apparatus for supplying it must now be carried in all planes flying to a height of more than 15,000 feet. This safeguard is a very necessary one, though perhaps a little premature, as at present no air-line flies so high. The American service across the Andes must be one of the few passenger routes on which oxygen would have to be carried as a matter of course.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October 1912

The Black Shadow on the Alps. Extraordinary scenes have been witnessed on the Italian side of the great Matterhorn, where enormous clouds of ants were recently seen blackening the slopes of the ice.

They were winged ants, and had apparently been travelling southwards. A violent gale blew them down into the valley, where they covered the trees and villages. With fine, warm weather the ants again soared into the air, but another storm caught them and distributed them in almost incredible swarms over the villages, where they were trodden underfoot in multitudes. It is said that so strange a sight has never before been seen in the Alps.

JULIBERRY'S GRAVE

Mystery of a Mound in Kent

Not far from the Kent village of Godmersham, resting so tranquilly on the banks of the Stour, is a grassy mound in which a Roman general is believed to lie, and in which lie many of our ancestors before the Romans.

It is called Juliberry's Grave. During the summer this Stone Age barrow has been excavated by the Vicar of Godmersham and Mr R. F. Jessup, and from the edge of the ditch at one end they have unearthed skeletons of two Roman children and a man, together with a bronze safety-pin and pottery of the third century. Thus has been confirmed the age-old Roman tradition concerning this mound, and when the excavations are resumed next year there is no doubt that further discoveries will be made.

A General of Ancient Rome

Arthur Mee's Book of Kent (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s.6d) deals with this long barrow above Godmersham Park where Stone Age men and Romans sleep. The villagers (we read) still call it by the delightful name of Juliberry's Grave, and it has borne this name from the days when the Saxons turned Latin into their everyday speech. Juliberry they made out of the name of Juli Laberius, a Roman general slain in the earliest fights between the Britons and the hosts of Caesar's Legions; he was buried, they say, in this prehistoric tomb of the Stone Age men, so that his monument is thousands of years older than he, and even Rome itself.

Juliberry, so much older than its name, remains one of the many great barrows on the hills of Kent, and its special interest is in its name and the memories it awakens of a time long after it was piled up with roughly-made shovels, or perhaps with the shoulder-blades of oxen, one of the immense achievements of the Stone Age.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Mr W. W. Williams will tell us on Tuesday how Nature protects various creatures from detection, and how, in spite of this, we may succeed in finding some of them.

In Wednesday's World History broadcast we shall hear how Helen was taken to Troy, how Paris and Menelaus fought a duel and how eventually the city fell.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 What the Soil Contains: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Senior Music—Duple, Triple, and Quadruple Time: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.25 History in the Making—The Mediterranean: by K. C. Boswell. 2.5 Spotting Creatures in Disguise: by W. W. Williams. 2.30 Dramatic reading from The Bishop's Candlesticks by Norman McKinnel. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Ternary Form; Oboe.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Greeks and Trojans: by Hugh Ross Williamson. 2.30 Water and Fuel: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Studio Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Old and New in the Holy Land: by H. E. Bowman. 2.5 Our Village—Autumn Gales. 2.30 British History—The Church: by Hugh Ross Williamson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 In the High Andes: by Hilda G. Irvine. 2.30 Under the Sea. 2.5 Story from Uncle Remus. 3.15 Talk on next week's broadcast music by Scott Goddard. 3.35 How Philosophy Began—Socrates and Plato: by C. E. M. Joad.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training—Rhythm and Intonation: by Anne H. McAllister. TUESDAY, 2.5 The Making of a Forest: by H. Watson. 2.30 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Animals that Look Like Plants: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National. THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Skipping Tunes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Shortening Day: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—Blue Bonnets over the Border: by Doris M. Ketelbey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 View From an Old Volcano: by T. Pettigrew Young. 2.55 A Story from Uncle Remus.

CHIMNEY GOLD

Complete Story
By T. C. BridgesCHAPTER 1
The Blow

As he finished reading the letter Mr Barry laughed. It was not his usual pleasant laugh but a sharp, harsh sound, which made the two children look up with startled faces and caused their mother to lay down the teapot and look at her husband. "What is it, John?" she asked.

Her husband laughed again. "A joke, my dear. Uncle Maurice has left us Holcote House."

Mrs Barry's eyes opened wide. "That huge place! But, John, we can't live there."

"Live there!" repeated her husband harshly. "It would cost £5000 to make the place fit to live in and as much more to furnish it. It's tumbling down, the grounds are a jungle. The only thing to do with it is to put a match to it."

Bruce and Joy Barry had never seen their father so upset. They did not understand that he had been hoping for years past that his uncle would leave him a little money. Mr Barry needed money sorely. He owned a small farm but had never had the capital to stock it properly, and though he worked very hard it was all he could do to make ends meet. He spoke again.

"If he had left me only a few hundred pounds, Lucy, I could have got the tractor I want so badly and some good cattle. As it is—!" He stopped and shrugged.

His wife got up, went round to him, and put her hands on his shoulders. "Never mind, John. We can manage. And if we do work hard we are happy together."

The front gate clicked and, looking out of the window, they saw a stranger coming to the front door. He was a thick-set, common-looking man but well dressed. Bruce opened the door and the man asked for Mr Barry. Bruce called his father, and the two went into the little room which Mr Barry called his office.

They talked for some time, then the man left and Mr Barry came into the kitchen, where his wife and Joy were washing up.

"Lucy," he said, "This Mr Pargiter has offered me £500 for Holcote."

"Five hundred pounds! But that is splendid, John."

"It's something, at any rate; that is, if the offer is genuine. But I don't like the look of the fellow and I am going to see my lawyer in Okestock before I accept."

"I'm sure you are wise, but don't lose the sale. Five hundred will be very useful."

He got on his horse and rode away, and Bruce and Joy were busy all the morning, helping their mother. The afternoon they had free, and Joy suggested to Bruce that they should walk over to Holcote and have a look at it. Bruce jumped at the idea and they went off.

The great old house had a grim and lonely look under the cloud-laden sky. The plaster had peeled from the walls and many windows showed broken panes. Others were quite covered with unclipped ivy. Tall, dead grass covered the once well-kept lawns, and the drive was deep in dead leaves.

"Fancy anyone living there!" said Joy, with a shiver.

"I wonder why that fellow wanted to buy it?" asked Bruce thoughtfully. He turned to his sister. "Joy, do you think there's treasure hidden in it?"

Joy laughed. "Don't be silly. If Uncle Maurice had had treasure he wouldn't have lived in two rooms, like a hermit."

Bruce looked rather dashed. "No, I suppose not. Still, this chap Pargiter wouldn't offer even £500 if he didn't want the place."

"I expect he's going to pull it down and sell the stones and slates," Joy said.

The two knew the old place well and were aware of a back window through which they could climb. They got in and wandered through the great bare rooms. The walls were stained with damp and the air was musty with the smell of dry-rot. Some of the flooring was rotten and dangerous.

They went up the great stairs to the first floor. The two rooms in which their uncle had lived were on this floor. These still held shabby old furniture and the oil stove on which Uncle Maurice had done his cooking. They were turning to come out when Joy caught Bruce's arm. "Someone's downstairs," she whispered.

They listened. Steps were heard below.

"Two men," said Bruce in a low voice. "They're in the back hall. Can it be Dad?"

Joy did not reply. The two stood by the door, which they held a crack open, and listened. Bruce spoke again.

"It's Pargiter. That's his voice."

Joy agreed. "What a perfectly horrid voice he has."

"The other chap sounds worse. It's like a creaking hinge," Bruce said. "I say, we'd better wait till they've cleared out."

The men came into the front hall, and every word they said rose plainly to the ears of Bruce and Joy.

"The best one is in here," Pargiter said. They went into the drawing-room and were there for some minutes. When they came out they seemed pleased.

"It ain't bad, Joe," said the one with the creaky voice. "If the other's only half as good we've got a bargain. And all honest, too," he added, with a laugh.

"Something new for you, Simon," Pargiter replied, and he too laughed. He led the way into the library, and again some minutes passed. When they came back into the hall Simon was excited.

"I reckon that one's better'n the other!" he declared. "I'd give a thousand for it any day. I wouldn't wonder if the two fetched three times that at auction. I never saw better specimens. Joe, are you sure this chap Barry'll sell?"

"It'll be all signed and sealed before this time tomorrow," Pargiter declared. "Barry knows no more of Adams's work than one of his woolly lambs."

Bruce turned to his sister. "They're swindlers. They're robbing Dad."

Joy pinched his arm. "Keep quiet," she whispered. "Wait till they've gone."

There was silence below, then suddenly the man called Simon spoke. "Joe, there's been someone here. Look at this wet mud on the stairs."

CHAPTER 2
A Chase

A PAUSE, then Pargiter spoke. "It looks like it," he growled. "Reckon we'll go up and see."

Joy closed the door softly. "We must hide," she whispered swiftly.

Bruce looked round. He was rather white but quite steady. "The cupboard," he murmured.

"No, they're sure to look there. Get under the bed."

The two dived under the bed and lay flat on the floor, close against the wall. They heard heavy steps on the stairs, then the door opened. Bruce was shaking inwardly, yet lay still, so did his sister.

"No one here," Pargiter said, but Joe spoke. "There's a cupboard." He walked across, opened it, and looked in.

Bruce hardly breathed. If the man looked under the bed that would be the finish. But he did not. He came back to Pargiter. "We'll look all round," he said. "I ain't taking any risks of this deal falling through."

Pargiter agreed. "We'll take no chances, Simon, but the odds are that whoever it was saw us coming and did a bunk."

The two went out of the room, and the children heard them enter each room in turn along the corridor. They took a long time, and suddenly Bruce wanted to sneeze. He nearly choked himself stopping it. The men came back and went up the stairs to the upper storey. One put his foot through a rotten board in the passage above and what he said made Bruce shiver again.

At last they came down, and Bruce was never so grateful as when he heard them going down the main staircase. He was pins and needles all over.

"I guess you were right, Simon," he heard Pargiter say. "Whoever it was heard us and went out. We'll get along before it's too dark to see."

The front door clanged and all was silence. "Let's get out," Bruce whispered.

"No! Wait!" Joy ordered, and when she spoke in that tone Bruce obeyed.

"But they've gone," he told her.

"They might come back. We're not moving for ever so long yet."

"It's getting dark," Bruce complained.

"All the better for us," Joy said. "We'd better wait till it's quite dark."

The clouds had thickened, it was drizzling, and the winter dusk closed in quickly. It seemed to Bruce a terribly long time before Joy agreed that they might start. Then they slipped downstairs very quietly and got out by the window through which they had entered.

Two small shadows in the deepening dusk, the pair made their way round the end of the house. Joy spoke in a low voice.

"We won't go down the drive, Bruce. We'll go through the trees and get over the wall."

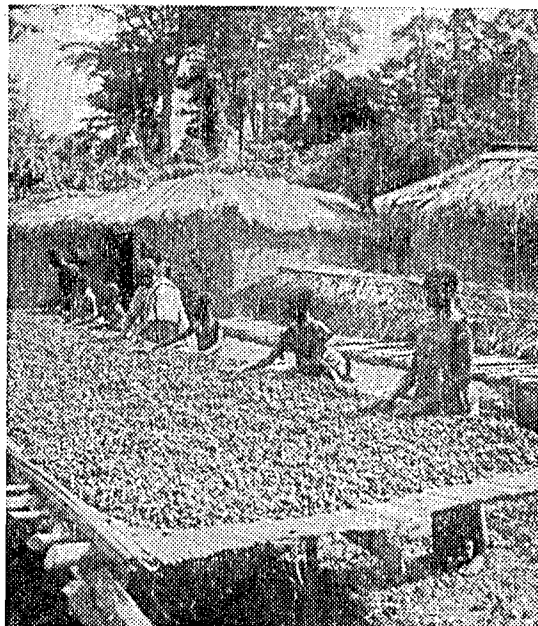
Continued on page 14

KOFI IN COCOA-LAND

A child of the Sun



My name is Kofi. My father is a Cocoa farmer. Our home is in the forest of the Gold Coast — and the Gold Coast is Cocoa-land. Now here is a funny thing. Boys of my people (the Akans) have only seven names. All Monday boys are Kojo, Wednesday Kueeku and so on . . . I am a Friday boy. As you see, my skin is dark, otherwise I am very much like you. Anyway, I'll take you on with my catapult. What do you say? I made my catapult myself. A strong pull-back, then PONG! Is it a bull? Yes, Sir!



This is my home. I am helping rake over the Cocoa beans, so that the sun will dry them. We do this after letting them ferment under plantain leaves. I expect you will be surprised when I tell you that the beans in the ripe Cocoa pods are not brown but white. In the picture above, they are turning brown in the strong light of our African sun.

Here are my brothers off to school. In Cocoa-land only one boy in seven goes to school. In a few years, my father says, all the boys will go. My father cannot read, but he says books have magic. As you see, young Kwami and Kobina take their school-books and stools on their heads. We carry everything on our heads in Cocoa-land. I suppose you wonder what that kid Kofi's school is like? I'll tell you that next week. I'll tell you some more too about how we grow the beans for you.



CADBURY COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

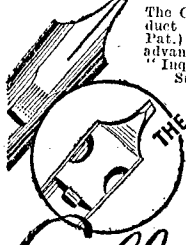
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Euthymol TOOTH PASTE



Continued from page 13

To gain the wood they had to cross the drive, and as they did so a flashlight suddenly cut the gloom.

"It's the two kids," came Simon's harsh voice, and the man rushed at them.

"Run!" Joy said, and bolted.

Joy was a country girl. She ran like a boy, but faster than most boys of her age. Bruce, a year younger, was nimble as a cat. Before Joe could reach them the two had plunged into the dripping laurels.

"Hurry, Joe! Get ahead of them. Cut them off!" yelled Simon.

Pargiter crashed into the bushes like a bull, but he did not know the way and the children did. They raced along, dodging in and out of the thickets. The noise the men made behind them was terrifying, but Joy, frightened as she was, never hesitated. She made straight for a place where she had often crossed the wall, and Bruce kept at her heels.

One of the men was close behind them. It was Simon. He was so close they could hear his heavy breathing. Joy's spirits fell lower and lower, for it seemed certain he would catch them. A little stream crossed the path. It wasn't a yard wide. Joy and Bruce took it in their stride. Simon didn't see it. He put his foot into it and they heard the crash as he fell. A sob of relief came from Joy's lips. She sprinted, and so did Bruce.

"There's the wall," Bruce panted.

"And there's our tree. You first!" said Joy.

There was no time to argue. Bruce sprang into the tree and went scrambling out along a branch which stretched over the high park wall.

As Joy started to follow she heard Simon coming again. And the threats he was shouting were dreadful.

She swung up into the tree, and as she did so he passed underneath her. He had lost or smashed his torch and had not seen her vanish into the tree. He saw the wall and was sure he had the children trapped. He was utterly amazed to see nothing of them. He pulled up under the wall; then the shaking of a branch above his head told what was happening.

He saw the branch spring back as Bruce dropped from the end to the ground on the far side of the wall, and rushed back to the tree, hoping to catch Joy. Joy was already

out on the branch, scrambling along it like a cat. Simon sprang into the tree, and reached the trunk end of the branch just in time to see Joy drop from the end and join her brother.

The two started to run again, but now Joy's heart was in her wet shoes. She was tiring and so was Bruce. And there was no cover. It was all open ground. Simon was bound to catch them. They had gone less than a hundred yards when behind them they heard a splintering sound, a crash, a thud, a yell.

"The bough's broken!" panted Bruce. But Joy still ran. It was not until they had crossed two fields that she dared pull up.

All was quiet. The chase was over.

"Good gracious, Joy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs Barry in a shocked voice, as her daughter staggered into the kitchen followed by Bruce. Both were soaked to the skin and covered with mud. "Dad!" panted Joy. "Don't let him sell Holcote. They're worth £3000."

"Who are worth £3000? Are you crazy, child?"

Joy pulled herself together.

"It's true, Mum. It's Adams's something, and there are two of them."

"And that beast Simon said they were worth £3000," Bruce chimed in. "And he ran after us and fell out of the tree. And so we got away."

It was at this moment Mr Barry came in. He stared at his son and daughter. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Are they hurt, Lucy?"

"No, John. Now, Joy, sit down, get your breath, and tell us all about it."

This Joy managed to do, and when she had finished the look on her father's face was more than payment for all she had been through.

"£3000," he repeated. "It's the mantelpieces. They must be by the great artist Adams. Thanks be, I haven't signed anything yet. The house is still ours, and if we get anything like £3000 we are made." He picked up his hat. "I shall go at once and get Lucas the policeman to keep guard till the morning. We mustn't risk those scoundrels breaking in again and stealing."

A few weeks later the two lovely old Adams's mantels were sold for £3250, and a bicycle each for Joy and Bruce were bought even before the new tractor and the Jersey cows.

JACKO HAS A FLAG DAY

JACKO's friend Chimp had been behaving so badly that he had been forbidden the house.

It was very unfortunate, for the boys had rigged up a wireless set in Jacko's bedroom, and had been looking forward to the Variety programme to try it out.

Mother Jacko did her best for them, but Father Jacko wouldn't listen to a word.

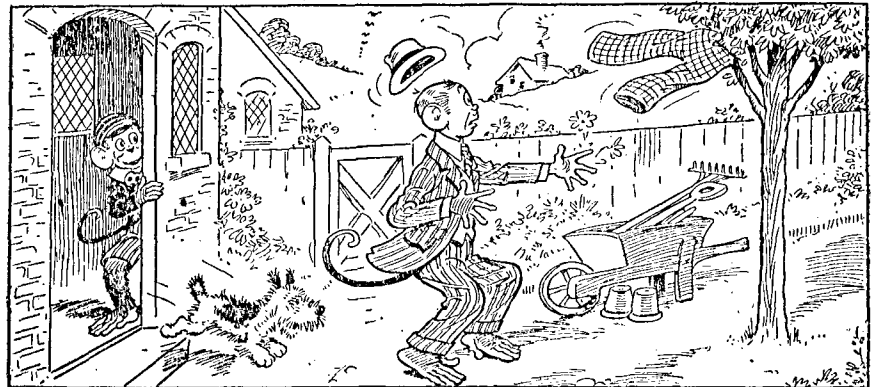
"Place is like a bear garden," he

"Coo!" exclaimed Jacko. "Chimp mustn't miss this." And he dashed downstairs and out into the garden.

He looked in the usual place for the flag, but it had gone!

"Now, who on earth has moved it?" he cried, looking round frantically for something to take its place.

There was nothing possible in the garden, but just inside the kitchen door



There was a sudden roar

growled. "I won't have that boy in the house. Jacko's bad enough; that fellow's ten times worse."

When the two met the next day Chimp was looking distinctly gloomy.

"Cheer up," urged Jacko. "I'll give you the tip when the coast's clear."

"How?" asked Chimp.

Jacko considered. "I know," he cried. "I'll signal to you from the poplar tree when Dad goes out. Then you can nip over. See?"

Chimp saw. And the plan worked.

One day when Jacko tuned in he heard the announcer starting a running commentary on a football match.

was Mother Jacko's clothes-horse, and hanging on it, carefully spread out, was a pair of Adolphus's grey flannel trousers—his best pair, which his mother had been pressing out.

They'd do! Jacko snatched them up and ran off with them.

He fastened them to the tree—and the wind did the rest.

"If the silly juggins can't see that he must be blind," he muttered, as he went back to the house.

There was a sudden roar, and up dashed Adolphus.

And then there was another roar—a louder one this time!

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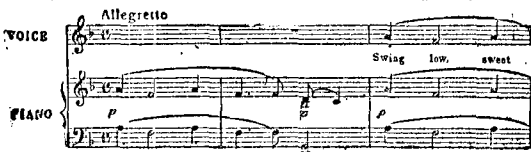
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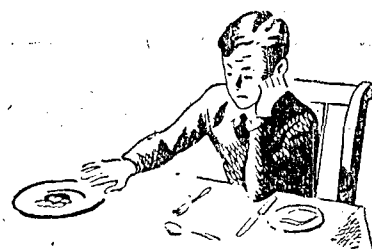
PRELUDE, OP. 28, No. 4 - Chopin



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Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

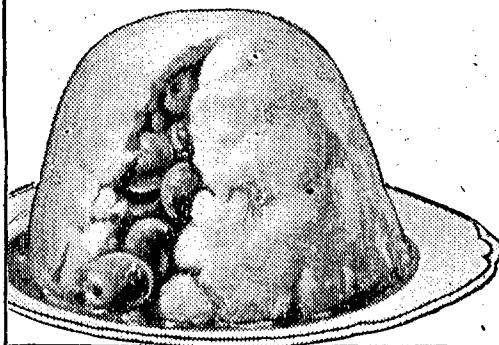


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October 9, 1937

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THE BRAN TUB

What is This?

ROUND, oval, and oblong, black, dirty, and clean; Though I never was taught I know I can sing. I could sing for a night, I could sing for a day, I could sing for a week, if kept hot, I dare say.

Answer next week

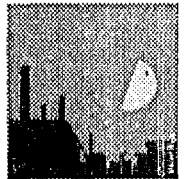
Queer Figure Puzzle

TAKE 10, double it, deduct 10, and 8 remains. How can this be?

The explanation is that you write 10 over 10, so close that the two 1's become a big 1 and the two 0's an 8. Then 10 from 18 leaves 8.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are in the South-West, Saturn in the South-East, and Uranus East-South-East. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the East. The picture shows the Moon at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 12.



The Sawyer's Saw

A SAWYER ordered a new saw, and when it arrived he tested it and found that it worked splendidly. "Well," he said, "of all the saws that ever I saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws."

The Uninvited Guest



WE don't resent your joining us, If you promise to be good; But what we do object to Is your jumping on the food.

At Work in the Garden

WHEN repairing the garden fence or shed you will probably find that the nails used have rusted and are easily broken. Before using new nails to make the necessary repairs treat them with a mixture of a pint of linseed oil and two ounces of black-

In the Countryside Now

Keep a look-out for early winter visitors from Scandinavia. The Redwing, a small thrush, can be identified by its ruddy flanks. Its beautiful song is not heard here. It is the bird that cries "seep" overhead at night.

We have about 4000 species of fungi in this country. Many are edible, a few very poisonous, and the majority harmless. Most species do useful work in absorbing decayed vegetation, thus acting as nature's scavengers.

The female carkins of the Alder are now at their best. They are the favourite food of the Siskin, a yellow bird now coming from Norway. The Alder keeps its green leaves much longer than other deciduous trees.

"Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home" - and they do fly, in millions, across the channel from France. The cliffs of Dover have been red with countless hosts of these insects bound for the hop fields - and the greenfly.

lead. Then heat the nails until they are red hot, put them into the mixture, and leave for some time. After taking the nails out shake them together in an old bag to clean them a little.

This preparation will give the nails the treatment necessary to avoid rust.

Name Puzzle

LADY with a name I love (Letters six it doth contain), If you lost your head and tail, Lady you would still remain.

Answer next week

A Coin in the Hand

GIVE a person a shilling and a halfpenny; tell him to hold one in each hand, and to reckon 4 for the silver and 3 for the copper.

Then ask him to triple what is in his right hand and double what is in his left, and give you the total product.

If this is an even number the silver will be in the right hand; if it is an odd number the silver will be in the left hand.

Ici on Parle Français



Le raisin grape Le marché market La pêche peach

La pauvre Nannie est malade. Nous irons au marché lui acheter du raisin, et une belle pêche mûre.

Poor Nannie is ill. We'll go into the market and buy some grapes for her and a fine ripe peach.

Curious Sentence

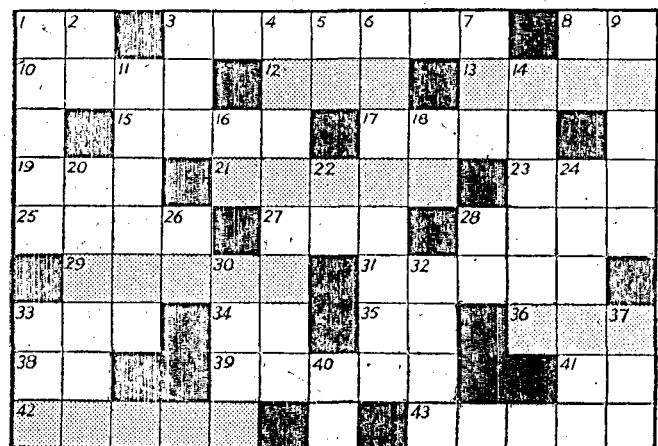
HERE is a curious sentence. It is not ancient Mexican, but modern English. Can you read it? INXINXIN Answer next week

Angry!

Oh, why do matches seem so vexed? Though by this riddle you're perplexed You'll guess it with a little luck— They flare up quickly when they're struck!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Who Is He? Albert—Treble Jumbled Subjects. History, botany, geography, Latin, English, German.



A well-known proverb is hidden in this puzzle, the words appearing in the lightly shaded squares. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1. Bachelor of Arts. 3. Capable of exciting laughter. 8. Pronoun. 10. As far as. 12. As well. 13. Numerous. 15. Hindmost. 17. A burden. 19. The lion. 21. Bakers. 23. A girl. 25. Tight. 27. Cricket term. 29. Grassy plains. 29. Mar. 31. Used for cooking. 33. Devoured. 34. Compass point. 35. Royal Engineers. 38. Definite article. 39. French for the. 39. Violation of the law. 41. Printer's measure. 42. A kind of soup. 43. Marsh plants.

Reading Down. 1. Constructed. 2. Indefinite article. 3. Female of the hart. 4. A wanderer. 5. If these were figures they would be ten. 6. Term for a person too much addicted to study. 7. The ostrich of Australia. 8. Surrounded by. 9. Wheels have these. 11. A company of players. 14. Concurrency. 16. Alternating current. 18. Nova Scotia. 20. Great Christian festival. 23. Siberian river. 24. Chopped into small pieces. 26. In the direction of. 29. Same as 33 across. 30. A lineal measure. 32. To go round. 33. A clerical vestment. 37. River of Germany. 40. Within.

Tales Before Bedtime

Conkers

CECIL and Diana, were delighted when Daddy said: "There is a group of conker trees in the middle of the meadow."

"Oh, Daddy, do you think we could get a basketful?" cried Diana.

Daddy laughed. "I shouldn't be at all surprised." And he lifted down Mummie's shopping basket.

Just five minutes later the children reached the meadow. "Oh, what a lovely wind! There are sure to be heaps down," cried Cecil, as they climbed the stile and raced across the grass.

Suddenly they pulled up. A high fence ran all round the trees. Worse still, a big notice-board said, Trespassers will be prosecuted.

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Cecil.

They strolled unhappily round the fence.

"Oh, see, it is broken down here," said Cecil suddenly, "and I say, Di, what is that funny little noise?"

Silently the children listened. The cry came again. "Let's search," begged Diana. "I am sure something is hurt."

They peeped this way and that among the blackberry bushes which grew beneath the conker trees.

The whimper came again, quite close.

"Look! Look!" cried Diana. "It's a baby calf; and its head is caught in the brambles. And see, its poor mother is there too!"

The mother cow stood close beside her baby, tenderly licking its poor entangled head.

"Come on, Di, let's free it. You have your gloves on; push the brambles down below its chin while I tug those up above its ears."

Cecil wrapped his handkerchief round his knuckles and together they pulled at the thorny briars.

The mother seemed to understand they were helping, and stood watching, with big, gentle eyes.

"Hi, what's all this?" cried an angry voice, just as the calf wriggled its head free.

The children turned to see a man in a brown suit.

"We—we heard something cry," stammered Cecil.

The brown man came closer. "Oh, I say, I'm sorry," he apologised. "I see, it's Jenny and her calf. And you have set the baby free. Thank you both very much indeed."

Very carefully he drove the animals back to the meadow, and picked up the fallen basket. "How about getting some conkers while you are here?" he smiled, as he handed it back.



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